

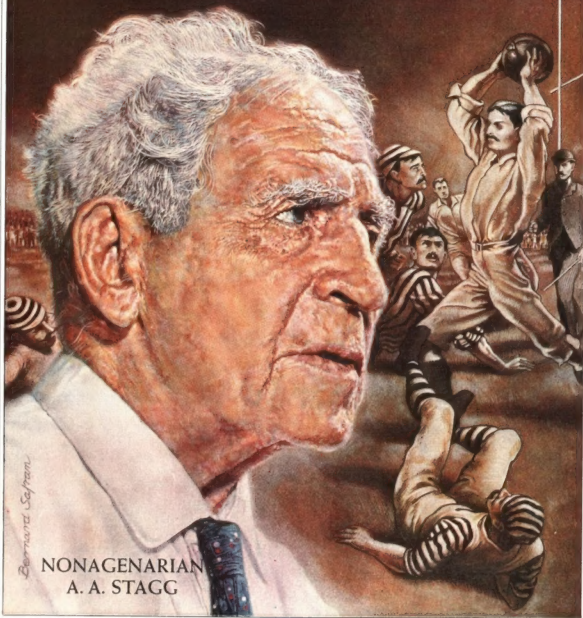
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

OCTOBER 20, 1958

GROWING OLD USEFULLY
With
A Gallery of Famed Elders

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Bernard Saffman

NONAGENARIAN
A. A. STAGG

\$7.00 A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXXII NO. 16



Two shells, a pair of arrowheads, two carved reindeer . . . what could they possibly have had in common? It took our Stone Age ancestors untold generations to find the answer: twoness. Only when he realized that the same numbers could be used to count anything—and everything—was man ready for mathematics. Keener than a flint knife, more potent than a wizard's spell, numbers have helped man climb from savagery and master the world about him. Today the insight of the mathematician contributes to defense, science, business, engineering. Ahead lies another challenging task: prying loose the secrets of the Universe itself.

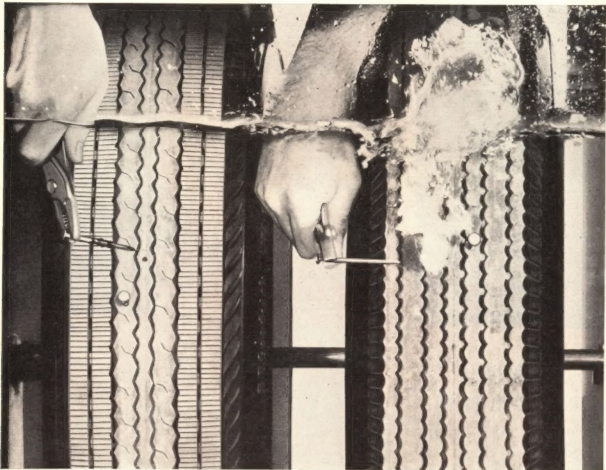
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INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

B.F. Goodrich



Smileage!



Life-Saver doesn't lose air when nail is removed!

Ordinary tubeless tire goes flat when nail is removed!

Underwater test proves: B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver seals punctures permanently—nail in or out!

HERE'S PROOF that B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver Silvertowns don't lose a pound of air—even when nails are removed. Pull the nails from an ordinary tubeless tire (right), and the air gushes out immediately. The tire goes flat!

But the B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver (left) holds its air—nail in or out—because a patented gummy sealant closes *instantly* around the nail when it enters the tire. Pull out the nail—and the sealant *fills up the hole permanently*. An air-tight repair job.

Same thing happens on the highway. If you run an ordinary

tubeless over a nail, sooner or later you've got to change that tire. If you run a B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver over a nail, you keep rolling!

If you're the kind of driver who hates to picture yourself or your wife changing a flat, see your nearby B.F. Goodrich dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. Ask him about a set of B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver Silvertowns—with bruise-resisting nylon cords. Four tires—only \$4 down. *B.F. Goodrich Tire Company, A Division of The B.F. Goodrich Company.*

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B.F. Goodrich *Life-Saver Silvertown tires*



He helped shrink the earth

Since January Captain Lyle Richardson has been taking part in regular airline flights that cross the U. S. and completely circle the earth. The fact that Qantas pilots do this is evidence of the superior airmanship that distinguishes the oldest airline in the English-speaking world. Qantas *airmanship*, coupled with really superb in-flight amenities, makes Qantas the most thoroughly enjoyable way you can fly east or west around the world. And Qantas offers the fastest, most frequent service to Australia, frequent flights to Europe. Ask your travel agent about Qantas!



QANTAS

AUSTRALIA'S ROUND-THE-WORLD AIRLINE

Call QANTAS in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Honolulu, Vancouver, B.C., or BOAC, general sales agent for Qantas, in New York, Chicago, Washington, Boston, Detroit, Miami, Dallas, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Winnipeg, Montreal, Toronto.

LETTERS

The Straits of Irresolution

Sir: The provincials who criticize our defense of Quemoy have either forgotten or were still in diapers when millions died because they swallowed the cynical philosophy embodied in the query: "Why should we die for Danzig?"

LEO L. ROCKWELL

Lakeland, Fla.

Sir: So Don Quixote Uncle Sam has found another windmill in the Straits of Formosa.

WILLIAM H. ABBEY

Charlton Depot, Mass.

Sir: Now, so many bitter years since Yalta, it seems there are those who still do not fully realize that each successful Communist aggression breeds another. If the Chinese Communist regime seizes the smaller Nationalist isles, either by invasion or negotiated retreat, its next step will be Formosa, then all Southeast Asia, then India.

DALE TAPP

Seguin, Texas

Sir: If the Western world is going to "save face" with the East, we must show them now that we mean business.

BRENDA MAHAR

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir: You mention that the "vital difference" between Dienbienphu and Quemoy is that "United States prestige is directly at stake." With pride, I now march forward for God, country, and prestige.

ARCHIE MACDONALD

Detroit

Sir: Strong public criticism [TIME, Oct. 6] of Mr. Dulles' suicidal foreign policy on Quemoy and Matsu was called a betrayal of our State Department which might lead the Communists to think we are bluffing and thereby involve us in a total war. Nixon would like to shut up public opinion simply because it exposes a ghastly mistake. Not to publish these crucial facts about the truth of public opinion in a crisis would be a mockery of democracy. Perhaps the majority of Americans will reject Nixon's brand of democracy in the next election.

GEORGE WHITEHALL

New York City

Sir: Beleaguered Quemoy is as much beleaguered by the beleaguered use of the word beleaguered as it is by the Communists.

ERIC TOLMACH

New York City

Family of Distinction

Sir: The Dr. Jean Persons, a public-health physician in Alaska whom you refer to in MEDICINE of the Oct. 6 issue, is the daughter



DR. PERSONS & ALASKAN PATIENT

of the Rev. Frank Stanford Persons II. Her uncle, Wilton Burton Persons, is the man President Eisenhower tapped to be his new White House chief of staff (NATIONAL AFFAIRS, same issue).

ZIMMY SLUDER

Newburgh, N.Y.

Unrecognized Treasure

Sir: Reading your article about the discovery of a Cellini bust by the De Young Museum of San Francisco [TIME, Oct. 6], I felt worse than a bridegroom reading the account of his wedding. At least the bridegroom gets his name mentioned. You omitted the fact that the bust languished in my Mond'art Galleries, a nameless orphan, until Museum Director Walter Heil came along, gave it a name and

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TIME
October 20, 1958

Volume LXIII
Number 16

TIME, OCTOBER 20, 1958

A program of supreme importance to anybody who ever buys classical records



BEGINNING MEMBERS WILL RECEIVE

... IF THEY AGREE TO BUY SIX
ADDITIONAL RECORDS FROM THE
SOCIETY IN THE NEXT YEAR

The Nine Symphonies of Beethoven

CONDUCTED BY

Arturo Toscanini

WITH THE NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SEVEN 12-INCH 33 1/3 R.P.M. RECORDS FOR

\$3⁹⁸

(Nationally advertised price: \$34.98)

OR

"The Mighty Forty-Eight"

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH'S

The Well- Tempered Clavier

PLAYED ON THE HARPSICORD BY

Wanda Landowska

SIX 12-INCH 33 1/3 R.P.M. RECORDS FOR

\$3⁹⁸

(Nationally advertised price: \$29.98)



The RCA Victor Society of Great Music

The common-sense purpose of this new Society
—which is directed by the Back-of-the-Month
Club—is to help music lovers build an excel-
lent record library systematically instead of
haphazardly ... and at an immense saving

MOST MUSIC-LOVERS, in the
back of their minds, cer-
tainly intend to build up
for themselves a representa-
tive record library of the World's
Great Music. Under this new
plan, since this can be done
systematically, operating costs
can be greatly reduced, thus
permitting extraordinary econo-
mies for the record collector.
The remarkable Introductory
Offer at the left is a dramatic
demonstration. It can represent
a saving of up to more than
60% during the first year.

* Thereafter, continuing mem-
bers can build their record li-
braries at almost a ONE-THIRD
SAVING. For every two records
purchased (from a group of at
least fifty made available an-
nually by the Society) members
will receive a third RCA Victor
Red Seal Record free.

* A cardinal feature of the
plan is GUIDANCE. The Society
has a Selection Panel whose
sole function is to recommend
"must-have" works for mem-
bers. Members of the panel are:

DEEMS TAYLOR, composer and commentator, Chairman
SAMUEL CHOITZOFF, General Music Director, SSC
JACQUES BARZUN, author and music critic
JOHN M. CONLY, editor of *High Fidelity*
AARON COPLAND, composer
ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN, music critic of *San Francisco Chronicle*
DOUGLAS MOORE, composer and Professor of Music,
Columbia University
WILLIAM SCHUMAN, composer and president of
Juilliard School of Music
CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH, chief of Music Division,
N. Y. Public Library
G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Professor of Music,
Harvard University

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

Each month, three or more
12-inch 33 1/3 R.P.M. RCA
Victor Red Seal Records are
announced to members. One is
singled out as the record-of-the-
month, and unless the Society is
otherwise instructed (on a
form always provided), this
record is sent to the member.

If he does not want the work he
may specify an alternate, or
instruct the Society to send him
nothing. For every record pur-
chased, members pay only
\$4.98, the nationally advertised
price. (For every shipment a
small charge for postage and
handling is added.)

RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music V2-38
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member and send me immediately
the multi-record album checked below, billing me \$3.98 plus
a small mailing charge. I agree to buy six other records
from the Society within one year, for each of which I will
be billed \$4.98, the prior nationally advertised (plus a small
charge for postage and handling). Thereafter, I need buy
only four such records in any twelve-month period to main-
tain membership. I may cancel my membership any time
after buying six records, but if I continue after that, for
every two records I buy I will receive a third record free.

☐ THE WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER (6 records) ☐ THE NINE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES (7 records)

☐ Check here if you wish to begin with TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO played by VAN CLIBURN

MR. _____ (Please print plainly)
MRS. _____
REV. _____

ADDRESSES _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in the name and address here:

DEALER'S NAME _____

PLEASE NOTE: Records may be sent to all residents of the U. S. and the territories and Canada. Records for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty free from Ontario.



YOU MAY BEGIN WITH THIS RECENT SELECTION, IF YOU WISH

Van Cliburn

PLAYING TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO

(This, of course, counts toward fulfill-
ment of the six-selection agreement)

Veroy Cheering Cherry Heering

Denmark's
Liqueur Delight
Since 1818



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you feel
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every day!



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The best faces use
Kings Men
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Freshen up and
feel right with
Kings Men—known
everywhere as the
world's finest. It's a
habit you'll enjoy.

KINGS MEN AFTER SHAVE LOTION • SPRAY DEODORANT • COLOGNE • AEROSOL SHAVE

parentage: Cosimo de Medici by Benvenuto Cellini.

ROBERT GITTELSON

New York City

In Black & White

Sir:

Three of my most heartfelt cheers to Britain's Mr. Justice Salmon on his most eloquent speech before sentencing the nine "nigger-hunting" youths to four years each [TIME, Sept. 29]. Let's put some of our punks away for a long while, and make any possible future delinquent think half a dozen times of the benefits of a non-criminal life.

WILLIAM M. JOHNSON

Chicago

Sir:

When some day Governor Faubus stands before a tribunal to be adjudged for his disgusting actions, I hope the presiding judge is of the caliber of London's stern but humanistic Mr. Justice Salmon.

WARREN A. COOK

Dearborn, Mich.

Sir:

Can the Dixie Dichards comprehend what our country's protection on the high seas would be like if say, off Quemoy, a ship's boiler room shut down because the whites wouldn't work with the Negroes?

(YN2) S. C. SHERBURNE
U.S.N.

Great Lakes, Ill.

Sir:

I have been wondering if Faubus' next proposal will be segregated cemeteries for the nation's war dead.

(PVT.) EDGAR E. MARTIN

Jacksonville

Sir:

Will the TV lessons in Little Rock be telecast in color or black and white?

WILLIAM E. GILLIS

Plymouth, Mass.

Religion & Racism

Sir:

In alleging that Arkansas' Presbyterian ministers advocate the practice of brotherhood as a consequence of having been "brain-washed by left-wingers and Communists" [TIME, Sept. 29], Governor Faubus pays the Communists an unnecessary and unmerited compliment. The Communists do seem to know more about brotherhood than Faubus does, so he could, with profit, go to school with them. But the idea of the brotherhood of all men derives rather from certain Old Testament writers, the Stoic philosophers, or Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

GEORGE JONES JR.
Minister

Smithfield Friends' Meeting
Windsor, R.I.

Sir:

As my minister father likes to say:
Be there a minister with soul so dead,
Who never has been called a Red?

BETTY SIMER ROWLEY

Peru, Ill.

The View from Abroad

Sir:

Please convey to Angie Evans for her courageous stand for school integration [TIME, Sept. 22] the sincere congratulations of young nonwhite South Africans, who know only too well the suffering and humiliation of their brethren in the Southern states of America. We are gratified that in your country, whose policies and actions often evoke widespread

TIME, OCTOBER 20, 1958

*Who's selling that out-of-town
customer when your salesman isn't?*

Telephone customers between visits... and keep them buying from you

These days, you can't always be Johnny-on-the-spot when your customers are ready to reorder.

So to be sure they buy from *you*, contact them frequently by telephone between sales visits.

You might also invite them to call you *collect* whenever they're running low on your product.

Either way, you'll find that frequent telephone contacts keep your customers happy —and keep your products on their shelves.

The Ideal Reel Company of Paducah, Kentucky, made \$200 on its first out-of-town call to a customer. It is now doing about 70% of its business by telephone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

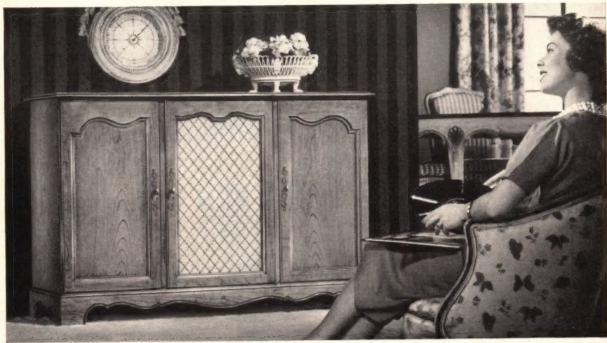


LONG DISTANCE PAYS OFF! USE IT NOW...FOR ALL IT'S WORTH!



Be there in person!

The new Zenith—world's finest high fidelity—
creates living sound from stereophonic records



Plays all your present records with a depth of sound you never realized was there

A new and complete line of high fidelity instruments has been created by Zenith. They are unlike anything you have ever heard before.

You'll hear a new depth of sound in all your present records. You'll hear music as live as the minute it was recorded—music with dimension, direction and movement—from the new stereophonic records. You seem to hear the performers in person—not

the speakers, not the records.

The complete line of Zenith High Fidelity Instruments includes deluxe, full stereophonic instruments, self-contained in magnificent classic, traditional or modern fine-furniture cabinets. Also stereophonic equipped high fidelity instruments with companion Zenith remote speaker systems which may be added now or later for full stereophonic sound. See

—and hear—the new Zenith, world's finest high fidelity, at your Zenith Dealer's.

Above is the Zenith Classic—Full Stereophonic High Fidelity, self-contained in a single cabinet, with FM-AM radio. In cherry veneers and cherry hardwood solids, elegant Provincial styling, Model SF2580, \$800.* Stereophonic-equipped models are priced from \$199.95.*

ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF STEREOPHONIC SOUND AT YOUR ZENITH DEALER'S

ZENITH

*The quality goes in
before the name goes on*



ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

Hierarchy of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographic, radio and hearing aids, 40 years of leadership in television exclusively.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Available higher in the Southwest and West Coast. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

*Specially designed
Zenith quality
components—for
world's finest sound*

Exclusive Zenith features, to please even the most knowledgeable high fidelity enthusiast, are incorporated in these remarkable new Zenith instruments.



Exclusive **Cobra-Matic® Record Changer** has four speeds. Zenith's all-new **Cobra® Tone Arm**—with its dual-needle cartridge for stereophonic sound—preserves records with a feather-light touch, yet picks up every recorded sound with incredible fidelity.



40 watts of undistorted power output—up to 80 watts peak— from dual channel amplifiers especially designed by Zenith for the finest stereophonic sound reproduction.



Stereo Studio Sound Control Panel, another Zenith exclusive, gives you precision control of tonal response—virtually the same control as that of a recording studio sound engineer. Has Zenith's exclusive **Presence Control**; **Stereo Balance Control**.



Powerful speaker systems employ at least four high-rated Zenith quality speakers—two woofers with heavy Alnico 5 magnets, two high frequency exponential treble horn speakers. Crossover networks separate and channel frequencies into their proper speaker systems.



anxiety and condemnation, there are young people like Angie Evans who show us that there is another side to the U.S.

MOOSA MOOLLA

Johannesburg

Sir:

What the newspaper-reading portion of the people read and remember here is not that Marian Anderson, Jackie Robinson and Ralph Bunche are accepted citizens of the United States, but that people who have the same color skin that they have are being treated as inferiors.

REUBEN J. BALZER, M.D.

Dessie, Ethiopia

Four Horsemen

Sir:

The identification of the first two Horsemen in *Revelations* seems so obvious that I am amazed at ex-President Hoover's attempt [TIME, Sept. 29] to make the second Horseman stand for Revolution. On a red horse, with a great sword, he takes "peace from the earth" and makes men "kill one another." He is War.

The first Horseman cannot be War. His horse is white, he is crowned, he goes forth with a bow to conquer. He is Antichrist.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT

Northampton, Mass.

Sir:

Does Mr. Hoover think that Christ gave John a "Revolution"?

JOAN HUGHES

Canton, Ohio

Freedom on Fiji

SIR:

MOHAMMED TORAH'S SNEER ABOUT FIJI AS WHITE MAN'S PARADISE, BLACK MAN'S HELL [TIME, Sept. 22] IS RIDICULOUS. IN FIJI NEARLY 350,000 PEOPLE OF SEVERAL RACES LIVE AMICABLY. STANDARDS OF LIVING ARE HIGH FOR ALL. ANY RESIDENT OF FIJI WHO OBJECTION TO THE GOVERNMENT AND CONDITIONS IS PERFECTLY FREE TO LEAVE AND GO TO LIVE IN ANY PLACE OF HIS CHOICE, HEAVENLY OR HELLISH. AS A VISITOR TO FIJI, I FIND IT DELIGHTFUL AND NEITHER A HELL NOR A HEAVEN FOR ANYONE.

S. S. TYLER

Suva, FIJI I.

Yukon Troubadour

Sir:

Thank you for your tribute to Robert Service [Sept. 22]. An old "ex-Yukon" patient in a Nova Scotia hospital once told me he had lived in a tent next to Bob Service. Bob's tent mate always said Bob would "never make any money in gold—all he does is write."

EVELYN S. MACKAY

Madison, Wis.

Adams' Fall

Sir:

As a registered Republican, it disgusted me to read of the actions of prominent members of the G.O.P. concerning Sherman Adams. Just what kind of leaders do they have in the party who whine like a child when the smallest storm arises?

Those lackluster politicians who ever since this investigation broke have been sounding like sob sisters trying to make Adams quit—who needs them?

CHARLES F. BUTLER

North Abington, Mass.

Sir:

There's joy in D.C. Mudville, For Adams has struck out.

MARGARET RADCLIFFE GOOCH

Washington



**WHITE
SHOE PEG
CORN**

*A treasured
American delicacy
comes to market*



PERHAPS YOU have visited in that cradle of fine American cookery, The Old Dominion. If so, you may have tasted Country Gentleman white corn. Indeed, the gentry thereabouts often oversee the planting, the growing, the picking of it themselves, so highly do they prize it.

Such a corn has not been easily obtainable heretofore, even at the finest groceries. But now an exceptional new variety of this honored breed has become available. It is unlike any other corn you may know.

For one thing, these whole kernels are unusually tall and slender. Their unique shape begat their name, a borrowing from the tiny pegs once used in making fine shoes.

Then too, they are extraordinarily young and, hence, extraordinarily crisp. The flavor, we assure you, is beyond common experience.

Naturally, this delicacy has never been easy to come by. One reason being that its seed is the fruit of hundreds of breedings and cross-breedings. Another is that only certain prime soil is suitable for its cultivation.

Modest quantities of this aristocratic corn now have reached a few of the finer provisioners. It is called **Le Sueur Brand shoe peg white corn**. May we suggest that you try it soon?



**LE SUEUR
BRAND
Shoe Peg White CORN**

Green Giant Company, Headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota
"Le Sueur" Brand Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ©G.C.C.

THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES feature this WONDERON suit by Michael, Stern of 55% "Dacron" and 45% worsted. Available at Rich's, Atlanta; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Rosenbaum's, Pittsburgh; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond; Joseph Neubaum, Inc., Schenectady; Albert Steiger Company, Springfield; Wright & Simon, Wilmington.



MICHAELS, STERN FASHIONS FALL SUITS WITH NEW COMFORT AND A NEW LOOK OF SUCCESS

DACRON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WITH WORSTED

Introducing the distinctive look in fall suits: "Dacron" with worsted. The modern advantages of "Dacron"—polyester fiber make possible a suit with ideal fall-weight comfort . . . amazing crease retention and wrinkle resistance. See these fine suits in new fall patterns and textures.

"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or suit above.

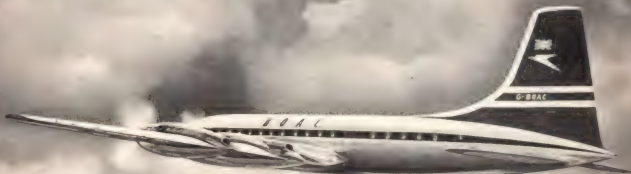


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ET-PROP **BRITANNIA**

**Costs you no more...to BOOK BOAC on
jet-prop Britannia or "pure jet" Comet 4.**

Either . . . you can choose the jet-prop Britannia, first to give jetliner service across the Atlantic to Europe and all over the world.

Or . . . you can fly the "pure jet" Comet 4, de Luxe and First Class passengers, from New York to London.

A new fleet of Boeing 707 jetliners will also soon fly BOAC routes. Following them will come the most advanced jetliners on the draughtsman's board today, the Vickers-

Armstrong VC-10's! Take your choice!

BOAC flies more jets now...has far more of them *on order* for international routes than any other airline.

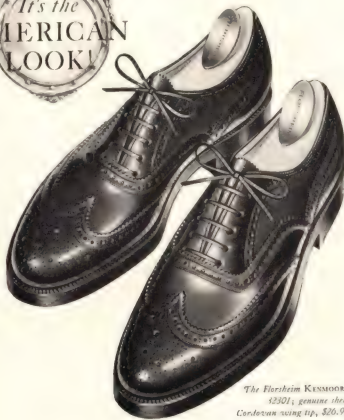
Your Travel Agent can tell you as each new jet-type starts its schedule.

BOAC **WORLD LEADER IN JET TRAVEL**
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
Flights from New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Montreal. Offices also in Atlanta, Dallas, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Washington, Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg.

FLORSHEIM

GENUINE SHELL CORDOVAN

A FAR CRY FROM THE MAYFLOWER
TO
MADISON AVENUE



The Florsheim KESMOOR,
\$230; genuine shell
Cordovan wing tip, \$26.95

Cordovan actually "came over on the Mayflower"—an American heritage no other leather can claim! Today's superb Florsheim tannage is a far cry from the original, but it's worn for the same reasons—weatherproof, almost wearproof, and shines like new with the flick of a cloth.

Other Florsheim Styles ^{\$1895} and higher

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

MISCELLANY

Scratched. In Sydney, Australia, Norma Mary Dan, 33, won a divorce after testifying that her husband had poured itching powder on her bed several times, doused her clothes in acid "so that they just fell apart as I moved."

Bill of Wading. In Hattiesburg, Miss., during the city's worst flash flood in years, a mailman sloshed into a flooded filling station, handed Operator Paul Shows his monthly water bill.

Overdue. In St. Louis, the privately owned Mercantile Library doubled its annual user's fee to \$10 per person, the first increase in charges since it was founded 112 years ago.

Sweet Smell of Excess. In Chicago, after eight successful burglaries of two candy stores, Wardell Sharpe, 34, was caught on his ninth try, explained that he kept going back because the shops were convenient to his home.

Past Perfect. In Sheringham, England, Student Roderick Saunders failed to show up at the Sheringham Secondary Modern School on the day he was to receive a prize for perfect attendance during the previous term.

Down's Early Blight. In Naples, a watchmaker applied for a patent on an alarm clock for stubborn sleepers which, if not turned off after the first normal rings, starts an electronic tape featuring the continuous honking of a car horn, the prolonged barking of a dog, several pistol shots followed by a cannon's boom.

Casehardened. In Gateshead, England, after his arrest for drunken driving, James Scott admitted under oath that he had downed 13 pints of beer on the night he was arrested, argued that "it would take 15 pints to put me under the influence," was acquitted when a police sergeant testified that Scott was "well used to taking drink."

Loof Song. In Sydney, Australia, police, after finding a traffic summons with his name and address on it inside a burglarized garage, nabbed Brian William Quinn, 22, who pleaded guilty to the robbery, explained: "I must have dropped the summons when I took out my handkerchief to wipe off my fingerprints."

Pen Pals. In Tusculumbia, Ala., Prisoner Herman Byrd cut through the jail wall on his second escape try in three weeks, left a note to Sheriff Raymond Wheeler: "Gone again, Raymond old buddy, I hate to do this but it looks like I have got to go. I hope to have better luck this time," clambered through his hole, surrendered to deputies who had heard him hacking away and were waiting on the spot.



WATERPROOF LAMINATED TEXTILES—FOR MAXIMUM PROTECTION AGAINST MANY HAZARDS,
THE STRONGEST SHIPPING BAGS MADE

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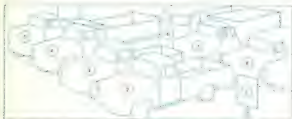


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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen



TIME, APRIL 1, 1957

EIGHTEEN months ago (April 1, 1957), in a cover story on Air Force Missileman Bernard Schriever, TIME reported that Air Force scientists considered sending an unmanned rocket to the moon a worthwhile project, and estimated that they could be ready to shoot in 18 months. Last week tireless, punctual Major General Schriever and his men sent their rocket—Pioneer—far out into space. For the story of their hopes, disappointments and accomplishments, see NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

FORGET the care of your children. Peking tells Chinese women; there are now communal nurseries. Feel free at last—to dig ditches and build roads—and approach the status of ants. Such is the bleak present and the formidable future promised in Red China's amazing new revolution. See FOREIGN NEWS, The People's Communes.

BY reason of their strength—and modern medicine—more and more Americans are living beyond the Biblical threescore years and ten, and beyond fourscore. What makes for a long life? What makes a long life livable? And useful? In this week's cover story on Nonagenarian Amos Alonzo Stagg, Medicine Editor Gilbert Cant reports on the medical progress that has prolonged human life. To supplement the story, TIME presents a gallery of U.S. elders, photographed by LIFE's Alfred Eisenstaedt (who is only 59). "Elsie," who has probably photographed more famous people than any other photographer, carried his autograph book as usual, got a full-page poem from Robert Frost and a fine line from Bernard Baruch: "Oh, to be 80 again." See MEDICINE, Adding Life to Years.

AMID Democratic claims of landslide and Republican counterclaims of strength, TIME's editors decided to make a searching survey of the area that could be of make-or-break importance in deciding the balance in the next U.S. House of Representatives. Washington Bureau Chief John Steele traveled to Kansas and Iowa; Denver Bureau Chief Barron Beshoff covered Nebraska; Chicago Correspondent Ed Reingold moved into Ohio; Chicago Correspondent John Rinehart reported on Indiana, Missouri and Minnesota; Chicago Correspondent Mark Perlberg filed on Illinois; local correspondents added their on-the-spot knowledge. For the results, see NATIONAL AFFAIRS, The Midwestern Battleground.



FROST & EISENSTAEDT

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. LXXII No. 16

October 20, 1958

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Historic Beginning

Far outrunning all other achievements of the lusty, new-born age of space missilery, the U.S. one morning last week unleashed the powerful Pioneer moon-probe rocket from the pads of Cape Canaveral and sent it piercing space to a distance of 80,000 miles above the earth.

Hairline calculations were made to aim the Pioneer for the moon's vicinity, in the hope that its instruments could measure and even get a dim picture of the mysteries that have nagged men's minds for centuries. But its trajectory was off; Pioneer missed the moon and headed back to a fiery death in the earth's atmosphere. Still, the unprecedented shot was a historic success, especially because Pioneer's instruments flashed realms of new knowledge of outer space. Britain's top scientists called it "an amazing feat," "a most tremendous achievement." Paris' Roman Catholic daily, *La Croix*, echoed: "The most prodigious event in history." India's Nehru called it a "tremendous triumph of modern science," wagged: "I understand it has strayed from the straight and narrow path. Nevertheless the fact that it has been sent out is another great advance." A Soviet official in London expressed "all good wishes."

But Project Pioneer's stab toward the moon was only the beginning. At Cape Canaveral this week, missilemen were busy at launching pads and hangars, preparing for two new moon shoots: a second by the Air Force, set for next month; another by the Army, before year's end. Beyond that lay plans for still another new space bird, whose job it will be to map the entire earth. In the fast-maturing age of missilery, a world of new wonders was in the making.

SPACE

"A Few Seconds on Infinity"

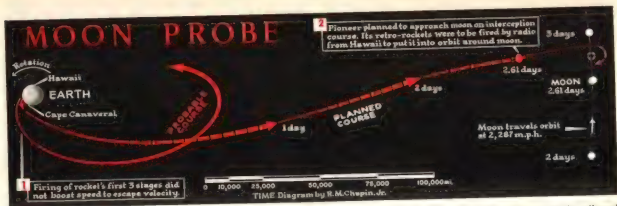
Pad 17A at Cape Canaveral was bathed in a fluffy, gently swirling fog. Cradled in its candy-striped gantry, breathing icy puffs of liquid oxygen, was the Air Force's 88-ft. Pioneer moon-probe missile. In the blockhouse, the countdown droned on for nearly 24 hours, finally ticked through the seconds to zero.

Just after zero, the blast burst down into the undulating swamp fog; there came a cloud of fiery gold that swept smoke and flame into eddying billows. As the rocket rose roaring, 100 newsmen cheered from the observation post a mile away, and down on the nearby beaches men, women and children, camped out in tents, told each other that this was a night to remember.

Up into the black space shot Pioneer, trailing its dazzling fire, burning first one stage, then the next, then the next, shucking off, in turn, its carefully designed earth clothes. In three minutes it was gone from sight, truly free, reaching up to where no man-made thing had ever touched. And a few moments later, as if responding to the challenge, the waning moon rose out of the Atlantic to the east of the Cape.

Whoops. Pioneer's destination was the skirt of the moon's gravitational field. Only during three days of each month—and within that period, only during 18 fleeting minutes of each day—were the earth and moon in such relationship to each other that Pioneer, precisely fired and guided, would pass ahead of the moon, sweep slowly into her field and take up an orbit (*see below*).

As first word came of the shot's success, Project Pioneer's scientists, technicians and observers threw off the guarded re-



serve that they had built up over months of missile woes, were all but hysterical with joy. When Cape Canaveral's pencil-mustached Major General Donald Yates walked into a press conference, newsmen rose and applauded. In Hawthorne, Calif., at the Data Reduction Center of Ramo-Wooldridge's Space Technology Laboratories (the Air Force's top moon-probe contractor), Air Force officers and civilians whooped and pounded one another. In the Pentagon, top brass cheerfully poured out their delight in hourly pronouncements on Pioneer's progress.

The Trajectory. One by one, Pioneer's tracking stations reported in with good news. Cued by the Hawthorne Data Reduction Center, the big radio-telescope station in Manchester, England picked up Pioneer within a dozen minutes, sent tracking information clacking back into the electronic data-reducing headquarters in the Space Technology Lab. But moments later, at the third stage rocket burnout, with Pioneer at maximum velocity, Canaveral scientists quickly computed speed and altitude. Had Pioneer shot up at too vertical an angle and thus been robbed of some of its getaway speed? The computations said yes. The scientists instantly decided to fire all eight vernier rockets in the fourth stage (although these had been held in reserve to deliver only incremental power) in the hope that the speed would increase enough to keep Pioneer aimed at its target. But the added thrust only increased the speed by 160 ft. per second—not enough.

Still, the news of the deviation did not dim the achievement. The all-important fact was that the bird had plumed the black beyond, had climbed to unheard-of heights, and what was more, was reporting its voluminous findings.

The Dream & the Count. This itself was beyond the fond expectations of the men who gathered six months ago with Major General Ben Schriever, boss of the Air Force's Ballistic Missile Division. With Schriever were Ramo-Wooldridge's Simon Ramo (*TIME*, April 29, 1957) and Space Technology Lab's General Manager Louis Dunn. At the time, the Air Force missile program was ticking along on schedule, and Defense Secretary Neil McElroy wanted some new ideas for the space age. The men quickly agreed that moon and space exploration must be the

first big step. From McElroy's Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA) came the decision a few weeks later: there would be five lunar probes, three by the Air Force, two by the Army.

Says Science Boss Dunn: "I got all our people together and told them that we had taken on a new job, and that in many ways it represented the biggest challenge we ever faced. Because while we were supposed to have this ready to fire in something like less than six months, we could, under no circumstance, let it interfere with the Air Force ballistic missiles program. That meant, among other things, that the 40-hour week was out the window. And I thought I'd better be honest about it right then and there, so I also told them that it would be impossible to pay overtime, that we would have to do most of this on our own time. There isn't a man in the organization who hasn't done just that."

The Mating. Space Technology Lab's dedicated theorists and technicians planned the project and pulled together the labors of more than 50 contractors. As days tumbled by, one problem after another was met and solved, each piece of

the vast puzzle was painstakingly collected and locked into place. Thousands of men, working hundreds of thousands of man-hours, fashioned the rocket—a Douglas Thor, an untested Allegany Ballistics Vanguard section, a North American Rocketdyne engine (improved over the model that failed when the U.S. tried its first moon shot in August). Within its slim hull, they planted more than 300,000 separate parts—wires, black boxes, gyros, batteries, automatic switches, explosive bolts, sensitive instruments—each machined to microscopic tolerances, each laboriously tested and installed.

In the topmost section was the payload, with 30.6 lbs. of intricate sensing devices, transmitters and auxiliary mechanisms. These were sterilized to avoid possible contamination of the moon if it should be "impacted." Then, wearing rubber gloves, surgeons' gowns and brass "lightning rod" foot braces, the assembly crew placed them in position inside a top-shaped black chamber with the care of a heart surgeon. In the final 25 days, they "mated" the Pioneer's parts, put the finishing touches on their unearthly job; then the project scientists took their seats in the block-house, and the countdown began.

No matter that the Pioneer's trajectory missed the moon's vicinity. As one Air Force colonel put it: "It's enough that it fired, that we got the staging and free flight, and that that beautiful little son of a bitch is away the hell and gone out into space." Added Ramo-Wooldridge's Simon Ramo: "What we gained this weekend was a few seconds on infinity."

Celestial Mechanics

The moon-probe Pioneer is man's first triumph in applied celestial mechanics. Earth satellites, like bullets, baseballs or missiles, need to contend with the earth's gravitation only. Pioneer was born on a higher level of technical evolution. Its projected course toward the moon took into account three of the overlapping gravitational fields (the earth's, the sun's, the moon's) that govern the solar system. To set it on its trajectory called on theoretical astronomical and mathematical lore that man has painstakingly been accumulating without practical employment since the birth of science.

Drawing a bead on the moon is something like shooting a duck from a spinning



PIONEER'S DUNN (TWO HOURS LATER)
It was enough that it fired.

mercy-go-round, using a bullet that takes two days to creep near its target. The moon has its own motion; it speeds around the earth on a somewhat elliptical orbit at 2,300 m.p.h.* Even more disturbing to the moon-marksman is the rotation of the earth. In every minute, the earth rotates enough to make a 1,000-mile difference in the rocket's position when and if it reaches the moon's orbit.

Escape. To escape from the jealous clutch of the earth's gravitation, a departing object must move faster than any bullet ever fired from any gun. Escape velocity is given theoretically as about 25,000 m.p.h.—the speed that an object would reach if it fell from an infinite distance to the earth's surface under the exclusive influence of the earth's gravitation. Since this speed is impossible in the earth's dense lower atmosphere, a rocket headed into space must start slowly and speed up to escape velocity only after it has climbed above nearly all of the atmosphere. At high altitude the necessary speed is somewhat less than 25,000 m.p.h., because the earth's gravitational pull grows weaker with distance. To reach the moon requires slightly less speed than to escape entirely, since the moon is not at an infinite distance and because its own gravitational pull can offset the earth's diminishing pull if the rocket gets close enough. When Pioneer had risen above the atmosphere, it was moving at 23,500 m.p.h. This was not quite enough.

The trouble came in the first stage, a military Thor rocket whose gyroscopic guidance system malfunctioned just enough to make the trajectory 3.5° steeper than it should have been. This steepness reduced the advantage that was obtained from the slingshot effect of the earth's eastward rotation. Air Force experts say that a loss of speed less than 600 m.p.h. was enough to make the probe fall far short of the moon's orbit.

Spin-Stabilization. All other hardware seems to have functioned perfectly. The second stage, a considerably modified second stage of the ill-starred Vanguard, pushed the vehicle to 188 miles above the earth while small vernier rockets, set askew, made it spin on its axis at 110 r.p.m. The function of this spin-stabilization, like the spin of a rifle bullet, was to keep the vehicle from tumbling on its journey through space.

The third stage has no guiding brain, only a solid-fuel rocket that generated 2,500 lbs. of thrust and boosted the vehicle close to its maximum speed. The final push came from eight small vernier rockets fired by radio command from Cape Canaveral to adjust the speed. All eight were fired because the speed was considerably too low. The probe's payload: a top-shaped, 83-lb. object, which sped on toward the moon with its axis nearly parallel to the moon's orbit but nearly at right angle to its own course. The core of the top was a small, solid-

fuel rocket that could be fired by radio from the ground. Purpose of the firing (if the lunar probe reached the highest level of success) was to change the top's direction, increase its speed by 3,000 m.p.h., and nudge it into orbit around the moon like a commuter swinging aboard a moving train.

Sharp Instruments. The instrument package was equipped with a radio apparatus that received radio waves from earth, amplified them and bounced them back again. Since motion affects the frequency of radio waves in a Doppler effect (as with sound waves, a train's whistle seems to rise in pitch as the train approaches), a ground operator could compare the outgoing waves with the incoming ones and measure accurately Pioneer's velocity and distance.

Pioneer never got a chance to use its miniaturized instruments on the moon. The most important of them, a scanning device intended to transmit a rough, TV-like picture of the unknown far side of the moon, never went into action. The magnetometer did not get near enough to the moon to report on its magnetic field, if any.

But in other respects the instruments performed magnificently. Radioed data reported Pioneer's temperature during its full voyage. Other instruments contributed floods of data about magnetism, micrometeorites and cosmic rays in the unknown region far above the reach of U.S. and Soviet earth satellites. When this information is finally interpreted, it may tell whether the recently discovered high-speed particles circulating in the earth's magnetic fields will be a really serious hazard to men when they venture in the far reaches of space. Preliminary interpretation indicated that the radiation falls off rapidly with altitude, dropping to three roentgens per hour at 11,000 miles. If this is really the case, a fast, well-protected space ship should get its crew through the danger zone without serious damage.

THE PRESIDENCY

"He Never Lost Sight . . ."

President Eisenhower was quick to express his own and the nation's grief at the death of Pope Pius XII (see RELIGION), whom he "was privileged to know personally" in an audience in 1945. "An informed and articulate foe of tyranny, he was a sympathetic friend and benefactor to those who were oppressed, and his helping hand was always quick to aid the unfortunate victims of war," wrote the President. "A man of profound vision, he kept pace with a changing universe, yet never lost sight of mankind's eternal destiny."

Designating Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, onetime (1953-57) U.S. Ambassador to Italy Clare Boothe Luce and AEC Chairman John A. McCone to represent the U.S. at the funeral services in St. Peter's, Presbyterian Eisenhower accepted an invitation to attend a Requiem Mass for the Pontiff this week at St. Matthew's Cathedral in Washington.

THE CAMPAIGN

The Leadership Issue (Cont'd)

Hatless and coatless, but beaming into the teeth of a nippy wind, New York's Nelson Rockefeller, Republican gubernatorial candidate, along with Kenneth Keating, candidate for the U.S. Senate, met his party's leader at La Guardia Airport. "Hello Nelson," said President Dwight Eisenhower, himself wearing a hat and raincoat as he arrived in New York for Columbus Day ceremonies. "You look tough." In fact, Rockefeller was feeling tough, and he reported optimistically to the President on the G.O.P.'s New York chances during the ride through sparse Sunday-morning crowds to the Waldorf, where the political chat continued.

Nelson Rockefeller's report was about the only good political news Ike heard



NEW YORK CANDIDATES & FRIEND*
Beaming into a chilly climate.

last week, as word of Republican problems and Democratic across-the-board gains poured in from politicians and pollsters (see chart next page) across the U.S. It was in that chilly climate that the President set himself in earnest to the fall campaign season.

Ike's political week had begun with a White House lunch with top Republicans, including Vice President Richard Nixon, G.O.P. National Chairman Deane Alden, and congressional leaders called in from the campaign trail. What, asked Ike, were the main Republican campaign problems—and what could he do to help? The answers came swiftly and positively. Their gist: he could campaign most effectively by dramatizing his Administration's record in terms of the personal leadership that had brought it about (TIME, Oct. 13). The voters, some said, did not understand the meaning of the President's stand on Quemoy. Replied Ike: "We need a chapter on that in every speech." Again, the congressional leaders told the President that his record on stabilizing the

* Keating, left, and Rockefeller. Far right: Democrat Averell Harriman.

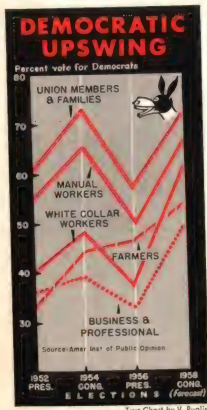
* More precisely, both moon and earth revolve around their common center of mass, a point about 1,000 miles below the earth's surface.

economy and heading off inflation had been "outstanding"—but that there was a real danger that many voters did not realize it.

When the session ended, the campaign advisers posed for pictures with Ike on the White House steps, and National Chairman Alcorn handed out a sharp joint statement that set Democratic teeth on edge because it raised the old Republican cry that the Democratic Party is the party of Socialism. "More to today than ever before," said the statement, "the Democrat Party* is dominated by certain politico-labor bosses and left-wing extremists . . . The left-wing Democrat instinct to regiment and to direct all of America from bureaucratic command posts is insatiable. They need only the opportunity."

Returning to Washington from New York, Ike began readying himself for more political activity. This week he was set to journey to the national campaigning contest near Cedar Rapids, Iowa, thence to California for more political appearances. This would be a real 1958 campaign opportunity to appeal to the voters in terms of his own and Republican leadership. For embattled G.O.P. candidates, it was none too soon.

* The Washington Post & Times Herald took editorial umbrage at the Republican use of the phrase "Democrat Party," describing it as a "McCarthy hallmark, usually spoken as if in expectation," and suggesting that Democrats should start talking about "Mr. Eisenhower" and "Mr. Nix" of the "Publican Ministration."



THE MIDWESTERN BATTLEGROUND

Congressional Fights Tax the G.O.P.

BADGERED and beset in the industrial states of both U.S. seaboard, Republicans these days look longingly toward their longtime Midwestern heartland to help them recoup expected losses in the 1958 congressional elections. It was in the Midwest, then a land of drought and depressed prices, that Republicans suffered their most painful 1956 House losses. It is in the Midwest, now a land of grains and gains, that the G.O.P. must recover if it is, at best, to close up the House gap on Democrats or, at worst, to forestall a Democratic landslide. Last week TIME correspondents traveled through the Midwest, reported on issues and outlook. Their major conclusion: far from booming back in their traditional bastion, Republicans are fighting desperately to hold their own on a bloody political battleground. The facts behind the findings:

¶ The Midwest is plainly prosperous, but farmers have not yet come to thank the policies of Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson; in the Dakotas, Minnesota and Iowa especially, Benson remains a political cussword.

¶ Republicans have long depended on the small farming town as the center of their Midwestern strength. But recent years have seen a population trend away from the farm town to the cities. Indeed, with U.S. industry growing rapidly in the farm states, the importance of the farm vote itself has diminished. As a dramatic example, in Kansas, for years an absolute citadel of Republican-voting farmers, agriculture now ranks as seventh among the state's sources of personal income.

¶ Farmers are especially sensitive to the inflationary effects of big-labor wage boosts and to Senate revelations of union corruption, and this may well be a sleeper issue working in the Republicans' favor. Yet in Kansas, Ohio and Colorado, the labor issue has been somewhat offset because right-to-work proposals appear on the ballot—to the distress of Republican candidates and the delight of Democrats, because right-to-work prompts organized labor to spend vast amounts of money in registration drives that usually work to Democratic advantage.

Such overall issues, when boiled down to specific congressional district campaigns, are often less important than personalities or local problems. But the issues have shaped a general Midwestern pattern that finds a score of Republican incumbents and only a few Democratic officeholders being seriously challenged. Some key races in key Midwestern states:

Indiana

Indiana has nine Republican incumbents, only two Democrats. The two Democrats, Gary's eight-term **Ray Madden**, 66, and Evansville's four-term **Winfield**

Denton, 61, appear safe. Four Republicans are in perilously close races. In the Eleventh (Indianapolis) District, polls show four-term Eisenhower Republican **Charles Brownson**, 44, slightly behind Democratic Theater Owner **Joseph Barr**, 40, who is helped by an unusually strong Marion County Democratic ticket. In the Ninth (Aurora) District, lone-wolf Republican **Earl Wilson**, 52, running as usual without help from the state G.O.P. organization, needs a good rural turnout to hold his seat against Bartholomew County Sheriff **Earl Hogan**, 38. In the Fifth (Kokomo) District, arch-conservative, teetotaling Republican **John Beamer**, 61, is fighting for his life against vigorous, teetotaling Huntington County Lawyer **J. Edward Roush**, 38.

In Indiana's Third (South Bend) District, Republican problems come to critical focus. There Democrat **John Brademas**, 31, a political-science teacher at St. Mary's College and a special protégé of Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler, is trying for the third time to win the seat now held by Freshman Republican **F. Jay Nimtz**, 42. With South Bend and its Studebaker-Packard plant a chronic unemployment troublespot, Brademas was touted a winner in 1954 and 1956—and lost both years. This time, with Brademas harping on the still-evident recession and labor going all out against Indiana's right-to-work law, Brademas is given his best chance ever.

Missouri

An island of Corn Belt Democratic strength (it was the only non-Southern state to go against Dwight Eisenhower in 1956), Missouri has ten Democratic Representatives, only one Republican. Second District (St. Louis) Republican Incumbent **Thomas Curtis** is in real trouble against Lawyer **James L. Sullivan**, former chief counsel for Thomas Hennings' Senate subcommittee investigating juvenile delinquency. Curtis has been badly hurt by a migration to his heavily suburban district of workers from heavily Democratic South St. Louis.

Iowa

In Iowa there are seven Republican congressional incumbents, one Democrat. Iowa had a bumper corn crop this year, but farmers complain bitterly about being caught in a price-cost squeeze, and Democratic candidates work hard at blaming it on Benson. Republicans, in turn, have made labor corruption a major issue: e.g., in 1956 Democratic Governor **Herschel Loveless** got \$17,500 in Teamsters' campaign contributions in violation of state law. Republicans have high hopes that **Robert Waggoner**, former administrative assistant to Iowa's popular G.O.P.



CARTER



KYL

Senator Thomas Martin, will win back the seat held by Democrat **Merwin Coad**, winner in 1956 by precisely 108 votes out of 129,052 cast. But Republicans are having rough sledding in at least three other districts. In the Second (Cedar Rapids-Dubuque) district, veteran **Henry O. Talle**, ranking Republican on the House Banking and Currency Committee, carried only 51.3% of the district in 1956, against Democrat **Leonard Wolf**, who has been campaigning ever since. In the Fifth (Des Moines) district, Republican **Paul Cunningham** won by only 51.1% in 1956, is slightly favored over Democrat **Neal Smith**, who is hurt by a split in the Polk County party organization.

In Iowa's Fourth District, an area of small (less than 300 acres) farms running southeast from Des Moines, the state's politics can be seen in microcosm. There, in 1956, Republican Incumbent **Karl LeCompte**, 71, won his tenth term by running strong in small towns and carrying 50.7% of the vote against Farmer-Lawyer **Steven Carter**, 43. This year LeCompte has retired, but Democrat Carter, still trying, is making headway among farmers caught in the cost-price squeeze and in the squeezed small towns that depend on farmers. To replace LeCompte, the Republicans nominated personable **John H. Kyl**, 39, hard-driving farmer, newscaster and co-owner of a men's clothing store in the Davis County seat of Bloomfield (pop. 3,600). Kyl has worked hard on the labor issue, advocating a program to free rank-and-file workers from boss control (Iowa already has a right-to-work law). The big switch in the district is that Kyl may cut into the Democrats' traditional city vote. Democrat Carter into the Republicans' rural vote, with the result a tossup.



BRADEMANS



NIMTZ

Minnesota

Prices for Minnesota's dairy products have not kept pace with farm prices in the rest of the U.S.—and the Democrat-Farmer-Labor Party has no peer at making Benson the villain. Even popular Republican Senator **Ed Thye** is in critical trouble, although running hard on an anti-Benson program. In the Ninth Congressional District, Democrat **Coya Knutson** is beset with family and factional problems, but is expected to win narrowly over **Odin Longen**, a big, friendly Scandinavian state representative who should be right down the Ninth's alley. In the Third (near Minneapolis) District, crotchety Democrat **Roy Wier** always has trouble, always wins, and should again. At least two Republican incumbents are in much worse shape: **Albert Quin**, whose loss in Minnesota's solid Republican south could be a mortal blow to the G.O.P., and Veteran **H. Carl Andersen**, a leading Benson critic, who has long won against inferior Democratic candidates but this year faces Minnesota's House Speaker **A. I. Johnson**, who has complete D.F.L. support.

Kansas

Bursting with beautiful, visible farm prosperity, Kansas has five Republican Representatives and one Democratic. In 1956, the six winners each got 55% or less of the vote—and on that basis it is conceivable that all six could switch this time. Against the lone Democratic incumbent, **Floyd Breeding**, Republicans have put up **Cliff Hope Jr.**, son of vastly popular, Benson-needling **Cliff Hope Sr.**, who retired from the House before the 1956 elections. But young Cliff has not yet shown his father's vote-getting abilities and is at best 50-50 to win.

In the Second District, Republican **Ereth Scrivner**, best remembered for his demand for the return of the suit with two pairs of pants during World War II, has held forth for 15 years. Scrivner should win against Lawyer **Newell George**—but Kansas is holding a right-to-work referendum and labor is working furiously in industrial Kansas City, which lies in Scrivner's district. Similarly, in the First District, Republican Incumbent **William Avery** should win against Topeka Lawyer **Robert Domme** but is plagued by a migration away from the farm towns to Topeka, where labor's C.O.P.E. is battling right-to-work. And in the Third District (in southeast Kansas, where lead and zinc mines are on their uppers), the Fourth District (including industrial Wichita) and the Sixth District (where Isolationist **Wint Smith** holds highly tenuous reign). Republican incumbents have no time for coasting.

Nebraska

A land of beef-price plenty, Nebraska is a state where organized labor has little real influence, and the brightest spot in the Midwestern picture for Republicans.



BREEDING



HOPE

Of Nebraska's all-Republican, four-man House delegation, only the Third District's **Robert D. Harrison** is in any difficulty. In 1956 Harrison beat Democrat **Lawrence Brock** by less than 300 votes, and Brock is running again. But this time Harrison himself is campaigning harder and has increased backing from a powerful state organization alerted by his close shave in 1956.

South Dakota

One of the two congressional seats safely belongs to Republican **E. Y. Berry**, 56. In the other, Republican Governor **Joe Foss** is running against Incumbent Democratic Representative **George McGovern**, first Democrat to hold a South Dakota congressional seat in 18 years. The South Dakota vote is strictly agricultural: McGovern started ahead because Foss had lost friends by raising taxes; then rains brought a farm boom and Foss moved up; then an August drought came to McGovern's help. Result: McGovern appears to have a handy lead, rapping Ezra Benson while Republican Foss tries to avoid taking a stand one way or another on Benson. But Foss, World War II Marine Corps ace, has yet to warm up his Piper Super Cub and take off on the kind of whirlwind campaign that won him the governorship.

With so many races being contested so closely, the bloody Midwestern battleground offers chances for a congressional sweep by either party. But in the old Republican heartland the Democrats are now clearly running horse races instead of turkey trots in district after district—and the Republicans can no longer count on these historic precincts to make up for deficiencies elsewhere.



FOSS



MCGOVERN

REPUBLICANS

Right to Lose

Though his opponent in the U.S. Senate race is Democratic Congressman Clair Engle, California's outgoing Governor Goodwin J. Knight swings hardest against Fellow Republican William Fife Knowland. To an Oceanside meeting of wire-service editors last fortnight, Goodie argued bitterly that the Knowland-embraced right-to-work proposition on the upcoming ballot is "a non-Republican issue." Then Knight punched his running mate squarely on the jaw: "Since he injected a non-Republican issue into the campaign, I am under no moral or legal obligation to endorse his candidacy. We Republicans frequently have asked Democrats to vote for our candidates. Perhaps we should return the favor."

Like Brer Rabbit slapping Tar Baby, Goodie found his hand stuck. Knowland expressed "surprise" at Knight's argument, unveiled a five-year-old letter in which Knight lamented the state legislature's failure to pass a right-to-work law.

Gripped in this private feud, both Republicans trailed their Democratic opponents by a country mile. California polls showed Knowland running behind Democrat Pat Brown (TIME, Sept. 15) for Governor 38% to 62%. Similarly, Goodie Knight lagged in Engle's rear, 41% to 59%. Gleelessly watching the Knight-Knowland act, Democrats crowded over the G.O.P. "right-to-lose campaign."

DEMOCRATS

Back in the Fold

Because he bolted two years ago to support Dwight Eisenhower, Harlem's seven-term Negro Congressman Adam Clayton Powell was read out of the Democratic Party and replaced on Tammany Hall's primary slate by a loyal Democrat. But last week Powell was invited back along a flower-strewn path with the special title of "associate" manager of Governor Averell Harriman's re-election campaign. Reason: Tammany Chieftain Carmine De Sapio realized that he needed Powell more than Powell needed Tammany. Running in the primary as an independent, Powell trampled Party Choice Earl Brown by 3 to 1 (TIME, Aug. 25). Facing an increasingly tough opponent in Republican Nelson Rockefeller, Harriman and De Sapio decided to sacrifice pride for 50,000 key Harlem votes in Powell's pocket.

War Between the States

Louisiana Democrats last week fired the first salvo in the internecine war that will harass Democrats in general and National Chairman Paul M. Butler in particular right through the 1960 presidential election. In Baton Rouge the state committee, in a raucous, televised session, fired their national committeeman, Camille F. Gravel, Jr., 43. Grounds: Lawyer Gravel loyally supported the national party's civil rights platform.

In Washington National Chairman Butler, already worried over the Orval Faubus



LOUISIANA'S GRAVEL
Hit by the first salvo.

effect on northern Negro voters, quickly supported Gravel for his "integrity, candor and intelligence," snapped that the National Committee, which rules on its own membership, will keep Gravel in office until the 1960 convention. Louisiana's U.S. Senator Russell Long, in turn, noted pointedly that the State Committee decides who shall be called a Democrat on the ballot—a strong suggestion that Louisiana might turn thumbs down on the presidential and vice presidential candidates if the rebels do not get their way.

In Jackson, Miss. House Speaker Sam Rayburn, a Texas Democrat who had spent years trying to make the Demo-



DOBERMAN & DORIS CROWN
Caught in a cozy trap.

cratic tent big enough for both North and South, refused to discuss segregation ("I don't think it would be helpful to talk about it"), attempted to turn the anger of 800 fund-raising Democrats against Republicans. The Mississippians refused to be distracted, gave their biggest applause to the cry of State Chairman Bidwell Adams: "I want to tell the honorable Speaker and everyone else that I am not a milk-chocolate Democrat. I am an old-line Democrat, who is not even about to drink the dregs left by Soapy Williams or any other liberal. I am tired of furnishing a back for them to practice their bull-whip lessons on."

ANIMALS

Maverick & the Hunt

In the scrubby, arid eastern edge of San Fernando Valley, the Los Angeles Animal Regulation Department set out one day in 1954 to pick up a stray dog. The dog was a fine-looking animal, a sleek, year-old abandoned Doberman pinscher that had been tipping over garbage cans, stealing food, mating with purebred bitches, howling to the whines of fire sirens. He was also fast and smart. Time after time, beginning in the summer of 1954, Inspector Roy L. McGowen drove out to the trailer camp area where the dog foraged. Usually, McGowen could pick up a stray inside of two or three weeks. But not Maverick, the Doberman. Says McGowen: "Hell, whenever we thought we'd outthought him, he'd go a different way—over a fence or under, or just plain dang through. He's the most intelligent animal I've ever encountered." For four exasperating years the chase continued. The capture of the outlaw dog became an obsession.

The Attack. After each failure of McGowen and his crew, the neighborhood became more outraged. Complaints piled into department headquarters; the pressure increased. The dogcatchers tried every trick they knew. They loaded ground beef with dope tablets; Maverick found it, ate the meat, left the pellets on the ground. They mapped out the streets he used, staked themselves out in concealment with lassos, but Maverick, 80 lbs. of muscle and speed, trotted new avenues. They even set out a trap baited with a boxer bitch in heat, but Maverick and the bitch tore the trap apart and loped happily off together to the hills.

In the four years of hunting, Dogcatcher McGowen had come to think of Maverick as something special—a symbol of sorts. "He kind of got under my skin," he said. Last month, when McGowen got orders to shoot the dog, he refused: "Get somebody else." Then McGowen planned his biggest push. One morning two police cars and three of McGowen's cars cruised the tightly netted area. Neighbors took up positions near by. One of McGowen's men, armed with an air rifle loaded with a nicotine-tipped needle, climbed to the rooftop near the spot where Maverick liked to laze. Soon Maverick appeared and stretched out in the shade. For two

hours the man with the gun maneuvered to get a head. Then he shot.

The Hero. Maverick lay stunned for five minutes, but as the hunters approached he struggled to his feet. Blindly, he staggered to a metal-plated gate, clawed at it, stuck his nose into a crack, scrambled, scratched, pushed. Then, in utter, bewildered defeat, he slumped to the ground and was carted off.

By this time Maverick had become a hero. Newspapers cheered him. A thousand dog lovers wrote and phoned the animal-shelter begging for him. So great was the demand that the shelter agreed to auction him off, and last week at the auction Mrs. Doris Crown, wife of a Van Nuys aircraft-parts manufacturer, bought him for \$134.88, drove him away in her red convertible Cadillac.

Inspector McGowan never claimed a victory. Like most people in the area, he figured that the victory rightly belonged to Maverick.

ARMED FORCES

Togetherhness for 60 Days

"The only things I missed," decided Engineman First Class Joseph R. Minor, 27, of Sutton, Mass., "were the birth of the hula hoop and the death of the Purple People Eater." As the nuclear submarine *Seawolf* surfaced and sailed into its home port of New London, Conn. last week, others among its 94 enlisted men and eleven officers got busy catching up on the changes in their world (three had newborn children) since they disappeared below the sea Aug. 7. Their 60 days of undersea cruising (14,500 miles) broke sister ship *Skate's* 31-day record for human survival out of touch with earth's atmosphere.

Life Below. The U.S. Navy was more interested in what had happened inside that cramped little universe where the crew, standing four-hour watches between eight-hour off-duty stretches, breathed mechanically purified air and coped with the modern submariner's most tenacious enemy: boredom. For his historic test of the psychological and physiological effects of such long isolation, Commander (now Captain) Richard Boyer Laning, 40, *Seawolf's* skipper, took along all the home comforts he could tuck into the \$70 million ship. Aside from the usual supply of jukebox records and movies (carefully laced with training films), Laning had an electric organ. Sensitive nerves were spared, because an amateur musician could pour the outflow into earphones, and he alone could hear the sound. *Seawolf's* cooks tempted lackadaisical palates with steaks, roast beef, turkey and leg of lamb. Monotony-breaking Chinese and Italian meals kicked up mild grimes among the meat and potato set, but a refrigerator was always stocked with cold cuts. Average weight gain: 2 lbs. *Seawolf's* medical officer, Lieut. Commander John H. Ebersole, dished out "tranquilizer" pills—half genuine and half dummies—to those who got insomnia, in a controlled experiment of the drug's usefulness.

The Navy's net finding on the voyage: total isolation from surface environment presents virtually no problems; *Seawolf's* crew could have stayed down, as Rear Admiral Hyman G. Rickover once said, "until time to re-enlist."

Journey's End. Soon after *Seawolf* rose out of the sea amidst a cluster of welcoming ships and planes, Skipper Laning won his fourth stripe and, with proper TV show dates, took his proper place among the Navy's new roster of heroes. Son of a retired naval medical officer, Rear Admiral Richard H. Laning and brother of four Navy and Marine officers, Annapolis Graduate '301 Dick Laning won Bronze and Silver Stars for his World War II submarine record in the Pacific, took the coveted *Seawolf* command when she was commissioned in March 1957.

He keeps his stocky frame (5 ft. 6½ in.) fit at sea by weight lifting, trains his brain

ferred with Under Secretary of State Christian Herter and Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs Walter Robertson, hit a quick consensus that the Communists had stopped shooting because their artillery blockade of Quemoy had failed, and they were unwilling or unable to step up the pressures in the teeth of U.S. and Chinese Nationalist firmness. In Tokyo General Laurence S. Kuter, Pacific Air Forces commander, reviewing gun-camera pictures of Chinese Nationalist jet victories, said flatly that Red China had taken "a beating."

In this suspense Dulles trod warily between firmness and non-provocation as he sought to keep the cease-fire alive. Specifically last week the U.S.:

❶ Suspended U.S. Navy escorting of Chinese Nationalist convoys to Quemoy—a Red China cease-fire condition—figuring that the Chinese Nationalists had all but



REAR ADMIRAL RICKOVER (LEFT), CAPTAIN LANING & WIFE
Missed: the birth of the hoop, the death of the eater.

on voluminous reading (mathematics, economics, psychology, foreign affairs, the Russian novelists), once berated a fellow officer for not having read Oswald (Decline of the West) Spengler. Father of two daughters (Christine, 13, Lucille, 8), he also runs a tight ship at home. Says his wife: "He thinks 'togetherness' is for the birds. Father, to him, should be Head of the House, and command dignity and respect from the children. That's exactly what he gets from the children, too—plus adoration."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Suspense on Quemoy

DULLES SCENTS BRINK VICTORY, proclaimed the *Christian Science Monitor* last week as the Secretary of State flew back from a few days at his Duck Island retreat to a capital hoping against hope that Red China would make its seven-day cease-fire on Quemoy permanent. Dulles con-

firmed the supply problems (see FOREIGN NEWS) and could well do the job on their own.

❷ Continued the U.S.'s own basic military buildup on Formosa itself—a buildup powerfully augmented last week by the arrival of the Army's Nike-Hercules ground-to-air atomic rockets.

❸ Persevered with the Warsaw talks, in their seventh session, between the U.S.'s Ambassador Jacob D. Beam and Red China's Ambassador Wang Ping-nan on how to make the cease-fire formal, even though Chinese Nationalists on Formosa termed the talks "futile."

At week's end Dulles got the word that Red China was extending its Quemoy cease-fire for another fortnight. "This is not a betrayal," Red China's local com-

❹ Camera evidence: Red China's jet pilots were so poorly trained that they did not cut in afterburners, or even drop oil wing tanks, to get more combat speed.

THE YOUNG JUSTICE

The U.S. Supreme Court's newest, youngest Justice: Ohio Judge Potter Stewart, 43.

Early Years. Son of gregarious Ohio Republican James Garfield Stewart, sometime mayor of Cincinnati (1938-47), now a state supreme court judge. After prepping at Hotchkiss, young Potter wavered between law and journalism at Yale, was chairman of the *Yale Daily News*, tried a summertime stint as a cub reporter on the Taft family's Cincinnati *Times-Star* before finally deciding on law. Graduated *cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa (1937), he spent a year studying international law at Cambridge University on a Henry Fellowship (awarded to four U.S. college graduates a year), then graduated from Yale Law School (41), also *cum laude*. He saw World War II sea duty as a lieutenant aboard Navy oilers, "floating around on a sea of 100 octane gas, bored to death 99 percent of the time and scared to death one percent."

Low Career. After three years of grueling work as a freshman in a Wall Street law firm, he headed back to Ohio. As a New York lawyer, he explains, "you work harder and harder to become more and more successful so that you can move further and further away from town and see less and less of your family." As a rising young Republican lawyer in Cincinnati (who still defends a first vote for Franklin Roosevelt), he dabbled in politics, got elected to two terms (1950-53) as a city councilman. Appointed by President Eisenhower in 1954 to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit (Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Tennessee), he won the respect of lawyers and the U.S. Justice Department for his solid, keenly reasoned opinions, showed a flair for casting opinions in clear and forceful English. Wrote Judge Stewart, upholding the habeas

corpus appeal of a prisoner who had been whisked before a judge late at night, convicted of rape on the basis of a forced confession, and sentenced to life without benefit of counsel: "The prompt and vigorous administration of the criminal law is to be commended and encouraged. But swift justice demands more than just swiftness."

Personality. Still youthful-looking despite dabs of grey at the temples, slender, amiable Potter Stewart says that his only hobbies are "my home and my family." The family: wife Mary Ann (onetime *LIFE* researcher), three children aged seven to 13. "We also have a dog named Bingo and an undetermined number of cats," he adds. When colleagues and friends describe Judge Stewart, two words occur again and again: "brilliant" and "unassuming." Of his own appointment to the Supreme Court, Stewart unassumingly said: "In my fondest dreams I never thought that such an honor would come to me."

Outlook. Tagged both "conservative" and "liberal," Stewart refuses to admit to any simple ideological label. "I'd like to be thought of as a lawyer," he says. Southerners searching for a clue to his approach to desegregation could find it in a 1956 decision in which he rejected the Hillsboro (Ohio) school board's contention that, to avoid overcrowding, integration should be postponed until a new school building was completed: "The avoidance alone of somewhat overcrowded classrooms cannot justify segregation of school children solely because of the color of their skins." The quality that a judge needs above all, as he sees it, is fairness: "Fairness is really what justice is."

manders felt it necessary to assure their troops in a special proclamation. "This is a racial righteousness. We must draw a clear-cut line between the Chinese and the Americans." The crude Communist pitch: to split Chinese Nationalists off from the U.S. But whatever Red China's reasons for cease-fire's extension, the first fact about Quemoy was that Red China, after 44 days of shelling, had failed to subdue a little island only seven miles from its shore and was thus the current candidate for paper tiger. Said President Eisenhower on cease-fire's extension: "Good news."

THE SUPREME COURT

Ohio Exchange

While poring over briefs in his Cincinnati office last week, youthful (43) Federal Judge Potter Stewart got a terse telephone call from Attorney General William P. Rogers. Could Stewart catch a plane for Washington right away? Judge Stewart said that his duties on the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals were pressing him, asked whether the matter was really important. Rogers assured him that it was.

Later that afternoon Stewart's wife Mary Ann drove him to the airport. "He was jittery," she recalls. "He kept wondering what had gone wrong." While sitting in his room in Washington's Statler Hilton Hotel that evening, waiting for Rogers to call, Stewart flicked on the TV set and heard, for the first time, that Associate Justice Harold Hitz Burton was retiring from the Supreme Court. "I said to myself, 'My golly, I wonder whether this is it?'" It was.

Next morning, a little haggard after a sleepless night, Stewart went with Rogers to the White House for a 20-minute talk with the President, emerged youngest man to be named to the Supreme Court since Franklin Roosevelt tabbed 40-year-old William O. Douglas in 1939.

Ohio Republican Stewart, already the possessor of a distinguished judicial reputation (see box), succeeds another distinguished Ohio Republican, Harvard-trained Lawyer Harold Burton. Truman-appointed, was mildly conservative in outlook, served on the adventuresome Warren court not as a guiding rudder but as a valuable anchor to windward. Last year, in one of the most important Supreme Court minority opinions of the decade, Burton powerfully dissented from the ruling that Du Pont's 25% stock ownership of General Motors violated antitrust laws (*TIME*, June 17, 1957). He authored last May's conservative-leaning opinion that a worker kept out of his place of employment by a union picket line may sue the union for damages in a state court (Warren and Douglas dissented).

Ailing with the tremors of Parkinson's disease, Harold Burton decided that since he had reached the full-pay-retirement age of 70, he would step down. In his \$35,000-a-year retirement, he plans to do some writing on Supreme Court history, hopes that "the Chief Justice may have jobs for me where I can help."

JUSTICE STEWART HOME FROM WASHINGTON



Bob Slinger

FOREIGN NEWS

THE MIDDLE EAST

The Generals Take Over

"My authority is revolution," proclaimed Pakistan's President Iskander Mirza, as he coolly scrapped his country's constitution and Parliament—and still another of the struggling new Afro-Asian states passed under army dictatorship.

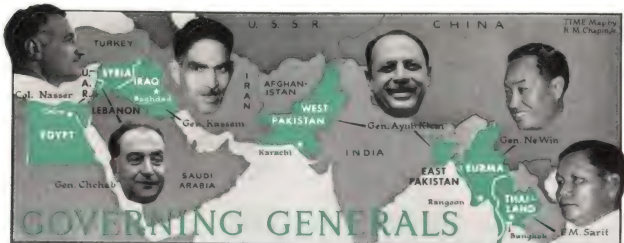
All across the Middle East and Southeast Asia the strongmen have been taking over: in Burma, where the army moved in bloodlessly last month; in Thailand, where the army boss overthrew the regime

liberty; others had to struggle for it. In either case, the army seemed the most stable and uncorrupted institution in the country. Its leaders had been trained by the British or French, had been schooled in Western ideas, had developed an *esprit de corps*.

They could see the wasting effects of poverty, illiteracy and chaos in their people. They had a contempt for the intrigues and corruption of politicians who aped Western democratic practices but had little understanding of the democratic notions of restraint, tolerance and justice.

those who feed on it, as in Nasser's case.

The respectable argument for military control in immature nations always rests on the necessity of a tutelage in self-government. It was an argument honestly advanced by the great Chinese Leader Sun Yat-sen, but also used unscrupulously since by Lenin and many a tinpot Latin American dictator. Few were the strongmen, such as Turkey's late great Kemal Ataturk, who ruled strongly in order to prepare their country for democracy. The fiery-eyed young colonels of the Middle East and of Southeast Asia were perhaps



last fall; in Iraq, where an army revolt toppled King Feisal's regime last July. In the once stable and prosperous little republic of Lebanon, Parliament elected Army Chief Fuad Chehab President last month in hopes of saving the country from ruin by civil war. And last week the region's most redoubtable strongman, Egypt's Nasser, was busily fastening his grip on the last remaining outposts of civilian rule in his restive Syrian province.

A Pointer. In a broad sweep of land extending from the Mediterranean to the China Sea, nations under army rule formed a solid wedge interrupted only by Israel, Iran (where the present Shah's father came to power by a military coup) and India. In India itself, addressing a meeting of the ruling Congress Party, Home Minister G. B. Pant bluntly labeled the events across the border in Pakistan and Burma "a pointer to us." Added the *Indian Express*: "First Iraq, then Burma and now Pakistan. It is a pattern set by Egypt's Nasser—the same sickening sequence of corrupt rulers, interminable political instability, national humiliation and deteriorating living standards undermining the people's faith in their politicians and democracy."

All but one (Thailand) of the army-ruled nations east of Suez had been freed from British or French overlordship within the past 15 years. Some of these nations had been made a present of their

Not all politicians were corrupt, by any means, but the best were often helpless. Soldiers were dismayed by the license of mobs, who were often prodded by Communists. In these ancient lands, the democratic tradition was often insecurely grafted upon an older, and more deeply rooted, system of authority of tribal leaders, sheiks, mullahs, wealthy landowners, noble families.

The problems faced by these young nations, newly awakened after centuries of neglect, were all but insuperable. Their expectations had run high: the prospect of freedom had seemed to promise a quick prosperity, too, and disillusion went deep. Everybody wanted the fruits of industrialism; everyone wanted to catch up with the West, but resources were often scant, and techniques unlearned. In the general dissatisfaction, democracy failed to function, because neither the electorate nor the leadership was prepared for its responsibilities. The inevitable response of many a patriot, as well as many a plotter, was to try the martial aid plan. They sent for the soldiers, or the colonels themselves took over without invitation.

Plea of Necessity. The result of the military takeover is often an increase in honesty and administrative efficiency, and usually a gain in stability. These are no small gains, even if democrats everywhere are disturbed. But power itself often produces further appetites and ambitions in

entitled to the benefit of the doubt when they professed similar ambitions. But their real plan had to be necessity: military dictatorship was a step back, which might or might not be followed by a step forward.

PAKISTAN

To Be "Happier & Freer"

Moving with the assurance of a man who knows his mind (and his power), Pakistan's autocratic, stocky President Iskander Mirza declared martial law throughout the land last week, thus snuffed out whatever life was left in the eleven-year-old democracy which had yet to hold its first nationwide election. In Pakistan itself, there were few mourners.

From the first, Pakistan has been divided against itself, its halves separated by 1,000 miles of hated India; it has no common language, no common history as a nation, no adequate economic base for its rapidly growing population, now 85 million. Only its Moslem religion unites it—and most of its politicians have no desire to see a theocratic state run by the mullahs. Corruption and instability compound Pakistan's woes. Food shortages are at an alltime low. Only last month, in East Pakistan's Provincial Assembly, the Deputy Speaker of the House was fatally injured in a parliamentary brawl (*TIME*).

Oct. 6). Political parties have taken to assembling private armies, and they objected when the government tried to halt them. Cabinets have changed so often that it became a Karachi joke that a minister had to fill his pockets in six months because that was all the time he was going to have.

The Scalawags. Tough, jowly President Iskander Mirza, who once declared himself in favor of "controlled democracy," watched the drift to chaos with mounting disgust. Son of a wealthy Bengal family, graduate of Britain's Sandhurst, a major general before independence, he had long regarded most politicians as "crooks and scalawags." A Moslem who drinks whisky, smokes, shoots and rides, Mirza has always been blunt about his aristocratic creed: "Democracy requires breeding. These illiterate peasants certainly know less about running a country than I do . . . There has to be someone to prevent the people from destroying themselves."

Along with Mirza, the army's commander in chief, General Mohammed Ayub Khan (another Sandhurst man), had long ago concluded that the army would have to step in. Dressed casually in white cotton slacks, brown loafers, green diamond-pattern socks, the tails of his tan-striped sports shirt hanging out, General Ayub Khan calmly explained: "We both came to the conclusion that the country was going to the dogs . . . I said to the President: 'Are you going to act? If you do not, which Heaven forbid, we [the armed forces] shall force a change.'"

Mirza waited for the right moment, hoping to prevent "another Iraq." A police battle with Moslem League demonstrators provided "the perfect opportunity" for surrounding the capital with troops. On the chosen day Mirza wrote out his proclamation dissolving political parties and imposing martial law, had it typed under guard. Assured that the troops were in position, Mirza issued his orders. "I have no sanction of law or of constitution," he told reporters. "I have only the sanction of my conscience." At 11 p.m. he sent a personal note to Prime Minister Malik Feroz Khan Noon informing him that his government had been dissolved.

Prices Fall. The army took over smoothly. Despite the tough commands of martial law (even refusal to give one's correct name and address is punishable by hanging), there was a general sense of relief. "Thank God it's over," said a senior civil servant. "For the first time I feel I can depend on tomorrow. At least I'll know who's boss." Prices of cigarettes, candy, soap and cereals fell 10% to 15% overnight. Penicillin and antibiotics were suddenly available over the counter at honest prices. The black market in currency vanished. General Ayub Khan took over as chief martial law administrator, but left most governmental tasks to Aziz

Ahmad, the country's senior civil servant. Several Cabinet ministers and prominent politicians were arrested, one accused of black-marketeering, another of "nefarious and antistate activities," e.g., flirting with Nasser. Promised General Ayub Khan: "This is no witch hunt."

Iskander Mirza left no doubt that Pakistan's alliance with the West would remain unchanged. Of his domestic plans, Mirza said: "I hope to get 20 or 30 good clear chaps together to draw up a new constitution . . . I hope eventually it will be passed by people who know what they are doing." As for the canceled election, Mirza said: "I am certain it could never have been a fair, honest



PRESIDENT MIRZA
"Democracy requires breeding."

election . . . You must remember that Western-type democracy cannot function here under present conditions. We have only 16% literacy." In a recent Karachi election, he said, only 28% voted, and half the votes were bogus. Then Mirza, who likes a good phrase, summed up: "Democracy without education is hypocrisy without limitation."

Addressing the nation, Mirza said, "The present action has been taken with utmost regret, but . . . I promise you will be happier and freer."

U.A.R.

To the Cleaners

From the moment President Nasser unexpectedly observed in a speech last July that "I am not satisfied with what has been achieved in Syria," his new "northern region" has been headed for a housecleaning. In that speech Nasser complained that his Damascus regime had turned up a big deficit and spent all its reserves. Though he did not say so publicly, he was displeased by other developments. He had banned party politics; yet the Baath (socialist) party, the Commu-

nists and others went on politicking. Syrian Vice President Akram Hourani was acting more like a Prime Minister in Damascus than an executor of decisions taken in Cairo. Syrian Communists still published the newspaper *Al Noor* in Damascus, and embarrassed Nasser by pouring a reported 8,000 copies daily into neighboring Iraq.

Last week Nasser swung his broom. In a characteristically smooth maneuver for strengthening his own authority without bruising any feelings, he announced a reorganization of the U.A.R. government. The first result was to move Hourani as a member of the new central Cabinet out of Syria and into Egypt. A second was to clip the scheming Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj's power as proconsul in Syria by placing him under the Egyptian Minister of Interior, who would take over Serraj's much-prized authority to appoint Syrian provincial governors. That took care of the two most ambitious power seekers in Damascus. In the shuffle Nasser also dropped his second Syrian Vice President, Sabri el Assali. Then he published decrees abolishing Syria's tribal laws and extending Egyptian land reforms to the northern province, two measures designed to reduce the power of the region's entrenched conservatives.

Nasser is still faced with thunder on the left. Last month, in direct defiance of Nasser's order that his own National Front is the only political party that may operate in Syria, Syrian Communist Chief Khaled Bakdash published an article in Prague proclaiming, "No authority could dishonor our Communist Party," and ostentatiously returned to Damascus from Czechoslovakia to set up shop again. Since Nasser is not a man to tolerate such defiance, Cairo is guessing that the housecleaning in Syria is not yet finished.

Sun-Baked Language

From one of Nasser's clandestine propaganda stations, calling itself the Jordan People's Radio came this news report to the Arab people last week: "Eisenhower, the old man of the imperialist American dollar, visits his country's surgical hospitals every now and then to undergo some operation or other. This has gone on so long that his body has become one big lump of drugs. The ultimate treatment for a septic part of the body is amputation, and, as many patches on Eisenhower's body will eventually end him up on the city dump, so will the imperialist struggle definitely fall into the abyss."

Next day in the U.N., defending Nasser's vicious and inflammatory propaganda in the Middle East, Nasser's Foreign Minister Mahmoud Fawzi said: "It has been claimed that some Arab broadcasts do not conform to certain standards. The fact is that these broadcasts are feared and hated . . . because they tell the truth . . . in the plain, sun-baked language of 1958."

Fawzi is widely accounted a scholarly and able lawyer, but like many another attorney for a gangster client, he sometimes has to serve as a mere mouthpiece.

* His own son is now married to a daughter of Horace Hildreth, former governor of Maine, and ex-U.S. Ambassador to Pakistan.

RED CHINA

The People's Communes

It used to be said of Red China that it was repeating, stage by stage, Russia's Communist development a third of a century later. But the evidence coming out of China is that Mao Tse-tung is engaged in a more drastic experiment than Stalin or Khrushchev ever tried. The official name for it is "the people's communes" movement.

In Inner Mongolia, reported New China News Agency, peasants "marked the occasion with revelry that included singing, dancing, and decorating their houses with lamps." In Kiangsi province they beat drums and gongs and shot off firecrackers. Cause of all this merriment: formation of two new "people's communes"—the most determined attempt yet to reduce human beings to the status of ants.

90% Herded. Red China's first "people's commune," a single unit of 9,300 peasant families organized along military lines, was set up in Hunan province six months ago without fanfare. Early in September, apparently pleased with the results of the Hunan experiment, the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party gave the go-ahead for a nationwide switchover to communes. By last week Peking was boasting that already 90.4% of China's 500 million peasants had been herded into 23,393 communes.

The life that faces Red China's peasantry in the communes is regimented beyond the dreams of ancient Sparta. Each commune, averaging about 21,000 inhabitants, is ruled by a party committee that controls everything from food distribution to funerals. Organized into work brigades, the inhabitants of the communes mostly have no set jobs, can be shunted on a day-to-day basis from farm work to military or industrial duties. Ultimately, private property is to be utterly abolished and already the most "advanced" communes have compelled the peasants to surrender the personal garden plots they were allowed to keep when they were forced onto "cooperative farms" three years ago. (The problem of individually owned fruit trees, says the Central Committee tolerantly, can be left for settlement later.)

Private life, too, is not to last for long. Some communes are already planning to tear down the houses of their members and use the salvaged brick, tile and timber to build communal barracks. In Hunan two-thirds of the province's 10 million children are now being cared for in communal nurseries, and in some of the older communes "people's mess halls" have already become, the Reds boast, "almost the only place one can eat." Instead of turning to his wife when his trousers need mending, the good commune member now takes his problem to the "sewing brigade." The result, declares Peking, is that 20 million women in seven provinces now find themselves "freed" to contribute the family pots and pans to a scrap-metal drive and turn their attention from housework to such progressive tasks as "road building, tree planting and ditch digging."

Ball Bearings & Bureaucracy. It is Peking's dream that the communes, by using men as interchangeable parts, can convert China's peasantry into a part-time industrial proletariat. Already, according to Communist propagandists, the communes have established 1,000,000 new "factories." In fact, most of these factories are simple workshops or smelting furnaces. British Laborite M.P. Richard Crossman, one of the few Westerners to get a first-hand look at the communes, reported recently in London's *New Statesman*:

"On the Yangtze, where there is open-cast mining, I saw 220 peasants hacking iron ore out of an open hillside and breaking it to pieces with hammers. Another

ture in the 1930s—a program less radical than the establishment of the Chinese communes—was achieved only at the cost of more than 10 million Russian lives. Whether Mao can succeed without resistance on a similar scale in China remains to be seen. The success or failure of Mao's big gamble will obviously influence the audacity or caution of Peking's foreign policy diversions.

Already Peking ideologists are predicting that when the communes come into full flower, six years or so from now, China will have achieved true Communism, as Russia has not—thus furthering Chairman Mao's bid for ideological pre-eminence in the Communist world.



EstFoto

CHINESE WOMEN BUILDING A RESERVOIR

No cooking, no mending—and approaching the status of ants.

460 were busy constructing a dozen primitive blast furnaces and preparing a steel-works as well. 'Next year we shall make our own farm machinery,' I was told, 'buying the engine but doing the rest ourselves.' In Hunan . . . I saw 170 peasants busily making primitive agricultural implements—including handmade ball bearings for the wheels of their carts."

The Heavy Cost. Crossman himself is a left-wing British Socialist who edited *The God That Failed* (TIME, Jan. 9, 1950), a damning indictment of Communism by former party members and fellow travelers. Taken on a conducted tour by the Chinese Reds, he was somehow persuaded that formation of the communes was actually "spontaneous and unforeseen by the State Planning Commission." Yet even the establishment of the far milder cooperative farms met with considerable opposition among Red China's peasants. In Kwangtung province alone 115,000 peasants and their families deserted cooperative farms in 1956. Peking itself admits that the establishment of the communes has produced "vacillation" among the "upper-middle peasants." Stalin's forced collectivization of Russian agricul-

FORMOSA

The Guns Are Silent

As the Communist guns that ring Quemoy fell silent, the shell-pocked island exploded into industrious activity. Farmers worked round the clock getting in a belated harvest; housewives, blinking happily at the unfamiliar sun, pounded away at the backlog of laundry that had built up during Communist barrages. Off Liao-lo Beach an endless parade of vessels, ranging from huge, wallowing LSDs down to motorized junks, disgorged the sinews of war—food, oil, ammunition, spanking-new U.S.-made 155-mm. howitzers and replacement tanks.

Busy bracing themselves for another siege, the soldiers and civilians of Quemoy wasted little time speculating about the motives behind the seven-day cease-fire that Peking promised the island (TIME, Oct. 13). But others did, in chancelleries around the world. In Washington—which quickly met Peking's cease-fire terms by ordering the Seventh Fleet to stop escorting supply convoys to Quemoy—the prevailing opinion was that the U.S. firmness had paid off (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). By

steadily increasing the quantity of supplies landed on Quemoy, so this reasoning went, the U.S. and Nationalist China had showed Peking that the island could not be subdued by artillery barrage.

Certainly Communist China had not been able to make good on the threat that it hurled at the Quemoy garrison on Aug. 27: "Your water routes to Formosa have been blockaded by us, and you have not the slightest hope of holding the island, being reinforced, or being able to withdraw." If the Reds had not abandoned hope of starving Quemoy out, they presumably would not have given the Nationalists an opportunity to cram supplies into the island unopposed. By week's end Nationalist convoys had landed an estimated 28,000 tons of supplies on Quemoy—enough to meet minimum military and civilian requirements for nearly three months.

"We Chinese." Yet more was obviously involved than a Red retreat. Peking was eager to exploit a wedge it thought it detected between Washington and Taipei. The cease-fire was announced by Peking's Defense Minister (and former Korean war commander) Peng Teh-hui, whom Chinese Reds delight in calling "the man who beat MacArthur." Addressing himself to "my compatriots" in Formosa, Peng began: "We are all Chinese, Formosa, Quemoy and Matsu are Chinese territories. This is an internal Chinese matter between you and us, not between China and the U.S." Fact is, Peng told the Nationalists: "the day will come when the Americans will abandon you. The clue is already there in the statement made by Dulles on Sept. 30. Placed in such circumstances, do you not feel wary?"

To the U.S., the Red Chinese presented another face. If Washington was prepared to remove "the thorn in the side of peace" so long as force was not employed, what was Washington ready to offer now that force was no longer being used against Quemoy? The Reds challenged Secretary of State Dulles to make good on his implicit offer to persuade Nationalist China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to withdraw at least part of his forces from the offshore islands. Since Chiang and his ministers have repeatedly proclaimed they will do nothing of the kind, and in fact last week sent at least 1,000 more troops to Quemoy, the U.S. would presumably have to exert pressure on the Nationalists.

Not even Peng himself apparently expected Chiang to heed Peking's appeal for direct negotiations with the Nationalists. (Chiang's immediate response was to announce that he rejected the appeal "firmly, vigorously and unequivocally.") In Taipei last week Chiang Kai-shek told crowds celebrating "Double Ten"—the Oct. 10 anniversary of the foundation in 1911 of Sun Yat-sen's Chinese Republic—that the cease-fire was just another piece of Communist "political treachery." But in Warsaw the U.S. pressed the unyielding Chinese Communist bargainers for an extension of the cease-fire, and at week's end Peking announced that it had decided to keep the guns silent for another 14 days.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Confident Tories

"I do not believe that Socialism in this country can survive a third consecutive defeat." Those words from bubbly Conservative Party Chairman Viscount Hailsham were just what the Tories had come to their annual party conference to hear-hear. Four thousand delegates, gathered in seaside Blackpool, cheered Hailsham as he continued: "I do not mean to suggest that the Labor Party would necessarily stop calling itself the Socialist Party; but the evil, factious specter of democratic socialism, that contradiction in terms



"MISS BLACKPOOL" & HAILSHAM
Full of expectations.

which has dominated and befogged the political thinking of 30 years, would finally have been done away with."

The Conservatives, so divided and despairing after Suez, were now full of expectations of victory at the next election (possibly next spring). The pound sterling was strong, the country prosperous, and their Prime Minister popular. Unlike Laborites, who air their disagreements in public, the assembled Tories debated only 16 of 447 resolutions submitted. Economics, foreign affairs, defense and colonial affairs were covered in one day without interfering with tea breaks. The Tories had taken over the Welfare State and even had a few amendments to offer, a big national pension scheme, financial assistance for poor young people trying to buy houses, a five-year plan for bigger and better schools.

On the final day they cheered their leader, Harold Macmillan, as no other Tory save Winston Churchill had been

applauded in many a year. He had a new slogan to offer them ("The right to earn, the right to own, the right to save"), and on the subject of friendship with the U.S. struck a markedly different note from Labor's, on Formosa, he said: "We can best serve British interests if on the basis of our friendship [with the U.S.] we give our honest advice in private consultation, rather than yield to the temptation of public recrimination or nagging."

Grasping the Nettle

In Britain, filling out endless bureaucratic forms is accepted as inevitably as a bad cold, a bus queue or a summer holiday ruined by rain. But every so often the worm turns, and victims everywhere enjoy a victory against the common bureaucracy. Recently Builder Eric Neate, constructing a small factory at Andover in Hampshire, routinely sent a blueprint of the factory to the County Planning Committee. Complying with committee orders that all factories must have flower beds, Neate's architect indicated a space for "shrubs." Back to Neate came the plan with a question: What kind of plants did Neate intend planting? Back to the committee went Neate's reply: he was planning to plant *Urtica dioica*, *Calystegia sepium*, *Rumex obtusifolius* and *Taraxacum officinale*—but was willing to amend the list in any way the Planning Committee desired. mollified, the county council stamped his application "approved." Apparently none of the committee bureaucrats realized that what Neate proposed to plant was stinging nettles, bindweed, dock and dandelion.

ITALY

Idealism on the Rocks

It took a bit of doing, but at last it had come about—a Mediterranean peace conference at which Europeans, Israelis and Arabs would demonstrate their unity through "their common faith in one God." For months La Pira, 54, the dedicated but visionary former mayor of Florence, who once brought his city to the edge of bankruptcy by his lavish program of public works, had worked night and day to compile his volatile guest list. When the conference began in Florence's 600-year-old Palazzo Vecchio, just about everyone invited was there, including eleven ambassadors. Even Italy's Premier Amintore Fanfani and President Giovanni Gronchi agreed to show up to dramatize Italy's self-appointed role in the Mediterranean as a bridge between the Arabs and the West. In the opening address, the chairman of the conference, Crown Prince Moulay Hassan of Morocco, spoke "from my heart" of his hope that the delegates would deliberate "freely and fraternally on the problems common to the Mediterranean."

Delegates did speak freely, but hardly fraternally. First off, when the Arabs saw that Israel had sent an official from its Foreign Ministry, they threatened to withdraw if the Israelis were seated. Conference officials scurried back and forth

Is the
luxury of
its flavor
worth
the extra
cost?

(She'll know...
and so will you the
moment you taste it)



People who know fine food will wonder why this costs so little.



Green Pea with Ham
Oyster Stew • Clam Chowder
Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef
Cream of Shrimp • Cream of Potato

Here's oyster stew for folks with definite feelings on the subject. It's made with ocean-fresh oysters . . . simmered with all their good juices in fresh milk and special seasonings . . . and enough butter to float in golden pools on top. Then Campbell's freezes it fast—to hold all that wonderful flavor.

Discriminating people won't be surprised that this elegant oyster stew is higher priced. The wonder is that it costs so little. (As little as 13 cents for a generous serving.)

Why not treat your family to Campbell's Frozen Oyster Stew? Pick up a can or two next time you pass your grocer's freezer.

OYSTER STEW
FROZEN *by Campbell's*



NEHRU, BLACK & MONETARY FUND DIRECTOR PER JACOBSSON
(If we don't, somebody else will.)

between the Arabs in the Hotel Excelsior and the Israelis across the square in the Grand, finally got a compromise whereby the Israelis would attend the conference as observers, not as delegates.

No sooner was this settled than delegates from Algeria's rebel F.L.N. marched in, and all but two of the French delegates marched out. In vain did the learned president of the Tunisian National Institute of Arts and Archaeology sing the praises of the Mediterranean, "this happy sea." Italy's Communist Senator Velio Spano, whom nobody could remember having invited, somehow got the floor, delivered the customary party-lining rant against the West. Next day a Moroccan delegate angrily demanded that the Americans, French and Spaniards pull out of North Africa. A French Senator rose to protest that he had not come all the way to Florence to hear a "systematic critique of my country." Cried an F.L.N. delegate of the war in Algeria, "A colonialist war! An unjust war!"

"Idealism" sighed one delegate as the conference broke up, "has been wrecked on the rock of reality." Last man to learn of the wreckage was Organizer La Fira himself. At the very first session, he collapsed from overwork, for two days lay exhausted and comatose, while his delegates talked on but found no peace.

WORLD BANK

Cautious Welcome for Ida

For one week, India's parched capital of Delhi (pop. 1,800,000) manfully put on the air of a Chicago at convention time. So jammed were the city's 1,350 hotel rooms that one enterprising manager converted 50 singles into doubles by adding divans that one newspaper described as "apparently designed for dwarfs." Delhi's barmen, in need of prac-

tice after two years of prohibition, suddenly found themselves back in business—but only for one week, and to serve only those who wore the magic silver lotus lapel badge. Those who wore it were the 1,000-odd delegates and guests at the 13th annual meeting of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (World Bank) and the International Monetary Fund (IMF), gathered in the air-conditioned comfort of Delhi's modern House of Science.

Giant Unleashed. But the delegates from 68 nations, comprising a *Who's Who* of international banking and finance, had only to stray a few steps beyond this facade to see nagging reminders of that other India—the India of bullock-drawn carts and hovels and beggars, the teeming, tumultuous India of grinding poverty that has become the Bank's biggest customer. India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru warned the delegates on opening day, "The changes of the last few years have unleashed a giant. Asia does not want to continue as a starving continent living on the verge of subsistence." The giant, said Nehru, had been kept down for 150 years. "Tremendous urges are coming up. These needs are there and are justified. Who are we to criticize if people want better food, better clothing or better living conditions? All of you want them to have these."

In Nehru's opinion, the "major division of the world today is that between the developed and the underdeveloped communities and the fact is that, comparatively, the poorer nations are getting poorer, and the gap between have and have-not is widening. "Whether you talk of a Communist state like the Soviet Union, which has become an industrialized state, or of many non-Communist states that are highly industrialized, in the final analysis they worship the same

gods—the god of industrialization, the god of the machine," and it was up to those present to help solve the economic problems of Asia, because "if we don't, somebody else will."

Ike's Proposals. Then the bankers took over—men by no means indifferent to Nehru's appeal, but aware of other necessities too. Bearing a letter from President Eisenhower urging help to the impoverished giants of all continents, U.S. Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson proposed that member countries increase their contributions to both the World Bank, which lends money to its members at regular bankers' rates, and to the IMF, whose funds are available to shore up sagging national currencies in an emergency. Backing Ike's suggestions, the boards of governors of both Bank and Fund agreed unanimously to boost the contributions of all members. There was talk of doubling the Bank's \$9.4 billion capitalization (increasing the U.S. contribution to more than \$6 billion) and of a 50% increase in the IMF (the projected U.S. share, \$4.1 billion).

But there was less hurry about the third of Ike's suggestions—the possible creation of an International Development Association (IDA) that would lend money to countries on easy rates for long terms. Under Ida, as the British call it, loans would be repayable in "soft" national currencies rather than in such "hard" currencies as the U.S. dollar and the Deutsche Mark, as the World Bank requires. The U.S. itself did not push very hard for Ida, a plan originally suggested by Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Mike Monroney. It got a warmer welcome among the underdeveloped countries that would do the borrowing than the industrial nations that would do the lending; it appealed to the diplomats present more than to the bankers, who fear that it may encourage negligent financial tendencies in poorer nations. Ida is still in the limbo of "study."

Haves & Have-Nots. The assembled financial experts found themselves in general agreement that, with the U.S. recession ending, the outlook for world trade, balance of payments and healthier economies is rosy. They noted that U.S. imports had stayed high during the recession, and were pleased by the resiliency that the free economies of the world have shown. They were agreed that the World Bank, born 14 years ago at Bretton Woods, N.H., had played a vital role.

From avuncular World Bank President Eugene Black of the U.S., came a final reminder to the have-nots of the world that they could expect little sympathy—or help—if they failed to perform the unpleasant and unpopular duty of putting their own financial houses in order, or if they tried an "appeal to sentiment or exploitation of a strategic position in the international political lineup." But Black urged action by the haves on the "imaginative and constructive" U.S. proposal for Ida. "There is a real need," said Black—and the delegates had to look no farther than the side streets of Delhi to see it.

IF IT'S NEW, PLYMOUTH'S GOT IT!



NEW SPORT DECK standard on SPORT FURY models shown above... available at slight extra cost in every Plymouth price range. *Optional, extra cost.

ANNOUNCING THE '59 PLYMOUTH Brings you new beauty, new features, and new FURY models at a new low price! Plus a new standard of performance with the New Golden Commando 395 Engine*!

At Plymouth dealers now: Today's best buy...tomorrow's best trade!

'59 Plymouth

YOU ENJOY NEW SWIVEL SEATS that make '59 Plymouth Sport Fury the easiest car to get in and out of. Front seats swing smoothly with you as you enter or leave. New Plymouth exclusive in the low-price field!

YOU GET INSTANT HEAT at finger-tip touch with new Push-Button Heating and Ventilating Controls*. No waiting for warmth on frosty mornings in '59 Plymouth! Teams with Plymouth's magic Push-Button Drive*. All buttons conveniently grouped in an impressive new Master Control Center handy to your reach.

YOU AVOID GLARE as new electronic Mirror-Matic rear-view mirror* automatically dims headlight dazzle from cars behind. A great new safety advance.



GREAT IDEAS OF WESTERN MAN...one of a series

No man is justified **in doing evil** on the ground of expediency

(Theodore Roosevelt, *The Strenuous Life*, 1900)



sculptor: Leonard Baskin

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



FRENCH SOMALILAND

Nasser's Friend

Among colonies voting an overwhelming (75%) *oui* for the constitution of Premier Charles de Gaulle was parched, sun-baked French Somaliland, an 8,000-square-mile East African land of dry gullies, thorny scrub and shifting sand, on the Gulf of Aden. The *oui* vote was in effect a vote of no for the territory's chief native political leader, Mahmoud Harbi.

Though he won the *Croix de guerre* fighting for the French in World War II, 37-year-old Mahmoud Harbi is now a fervid admirer of Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser, whose radio propaganda urges the Somalis to rise up and expel their colonial masters. Harbi is Somaliland's only Deputy to the French National Assembly, but he campaigned vigorously for a *non* vote. He dreams of the day when Somalia (a U.N. trusteeship administered by Italy but slated for independence in 1960) and British Somaliland, a protectorate that is also moving toward independence, will join French Somaliland in forming one nation of 2,000,000 people.

After his own countrymen repudiated him by voting for De Gaulle's constitution, Harbi was in danger of being removed from office. He fell back on the favorite strategy of desperate Somali politicians—exploiting the bloody rivalry between the Somalis and the nomadic Danakils who make up nearly half the population. When a Somali or a Danakil decides to do an enemy in, he usually seals his victory by castrating his victim.

Should he be thrown out of office, cried Harbi, all power would fall into the hands of the hated Danakils. The Somalis rallied to the cry, voted as a bloc to keep him on as vice president of the Cabinet. Last week street fighting broke out between the feuding tribes in the capital city of Djibouti. Among those arrested by police who broke up the battle was none other than Vice President Harbi himself, who had just been banged over the head with a stone. On the grounds that street fighting is no way for a public official to behave, the Paris-appointed French Governor ousted Somaliland's No. 1 national leader from the government.

RUSSIA

Brainstorming in Moscow

"To make beautiful *muzych*—give her Red Moscow Perfume!"

"Lafkas taste good—like a cigarette should!"

"Fifty out of 50 doctors approve of *Khrushchev*!"

"They said it couldn't be done—but Russia invented the automobile!"

Advertisements like these will probably not blossom forth in Soviet publications, but Russia is about to travel halfway to Manhattan's Madison Avenue. *Sovetskaya Kultura*, the official publication of the Ministry of Culture, last week complained

that Russians are stupefied and bored by such headlines as "Buy jewelry in the shops of the State Jewelry Trade Organization" and "State Insurance is selling insurance for household goods." To get American-style hard sell, the Ministry of Culture called for "creative, talented people" to staff the new "Advertising-Publishing office" set up to improve shop-window displays, advertising signs and billboards on a nationwide scale.

Headlines and advertising copy were not all that *Sovetskaya Kultura* was mad at. It charged Russian advertisers with "bashfulness" where prices are concerned: "It must be said that in most cases the ad is silent about the cost of the goods it advertises, although this question is of great interest to the customer." And window displays are hopeless. Either they are too static, showing nothing but pyramiding



RUSSIAN ADS FOR TIES & WOMEN'S WEAR
In the windows, window dressing.

cans of meat and vegetables, or they are unchanged from year to year, or—even worse—they do not correspond to what is available in the store. Lamented *Sovetskaya Kultura*:

"You stop before a shopwindow and on display is a beautifully made overcoat. You like the stylish cut, the color, and even the price. You step inside and the clerk tells you, 'That's not for sale.' Your determination leads you consecutively to the department head and the store manager, but everywhere you get the same answer: the goods are not for sale, but for the shopwindow. That shopwindow has been turned into a museum."

Although the new-style Russian advertising is expected to be "evocative, varied and beautiful," *Sovetskaya Kultura* added a final cautionary nudge before Soviet admen got too carried away by brainstorming in the Madison Avenue manner: "Capitalistic advertising is noisy and offensive. It stuns a customer. And its sole aim is to get rid of the goods by any method available." As sample of the kind of "persistent, shrill" U.S. slogans Russia does not want, the editor cited what he said was a U.S. slogan, although this will be news in Atlanta: "Coca-Cola is good for your body and your country."

JAPAN

The Wringer

Hokkaido, second largest (30,132 sq. mi.) of Japan's home islands, sits just across a narrow strait from Russian-held Sakhalin, so close that at the end of World War II Communists tried to proclaim Hokkaido an "independent Socialist republic." They failed then, but last week one of the biggest cities on the island was in the grasp of a Communist-led strike so rough that police and government officials were powerless. Strikers, who have been besieging the big plant of the Oji Paper Co. in the bustling (pop. 40,000) town of Tomakomai since February, have since taken over the whole city. Last week, at all intersections, they even set up special sentry boxes topped with red flags and manned by helmeted workers who stood

ready to frisk and waylay nonsympathizers. "Tomakomai," sighed one city official, "is like no other place in Japan. There is neither law nor order here any more."

The strike began to get violent only after the paper company persuaded 1,000 restive strikers to transfer to a company union. Thereupon Union Leader Haruo Yokoyama, 34, a swarthy, tough fellow traveler, put out the order for a reign of terror. With the help of 30 hard-bitten Communists, he organized motor bicycle patrols to ride by the houses of the "new union" men at night, heaving bricks and excrement through the windows. Men who showed up at work were attacked with clubs and baseball bats. The town's teachers helped man the picket lines, and telegraph and postal workers tapped Oji telephones and held up delivery of mail and supplies.

Yokoyama was particularly adept at persuading women to help him. They developed a specialty known as "the wringer." They would converge on a faithful company man, strip him naked and twist his testicles. Entranced by Yokoyama, even the wives of some "new union" men helped subject their own husbands to the wringer. A useful assault weapon, the women found, were the spiked weights to

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he found in the bottom of flower vases.

When Yokoyama was finally arrested and ordered to Tokyo to stand trial, 2,000 workers and their wives gathered at the station to cheer and embrace him. "We will fight to the bitter end," said Yokoyama confidently in Tokyo last week. "and we are well fixed for money." One source of money: Japan's most powerful (3,400,000 members) labor federation, the Communist-infiltrated *Sohyo*, which has so far donated \$300,000 to him.

POLAND

Across the Line

Marek Hlasko was seven years old when the Nazis invaded Poland. He was 13 when the Communists took over. He worked as a bellboy in a Warsaw hotel, put in six years as a taxi driver. Out of his experiences he wrote savagely realistic short stories that made Polish Reds wince. A tall, blond, flop-haired youngster



AUTHOR HLASKO

A new ability to react to vileness.

who resembled the late Hollywood hero, James Dean, Hlasko headed a coterie that was analogous to Britain's Angry Young Men and the Beat Generation of the U.S. The difference was that Hlasko had more to be beat about—a fact that gave his work authority.

Four of Hlasko's stories were made into movies. He became literary editor of the student newspaper *Po Prostu*, an audaciously outspoken weekly, until it was banned; he helped found the magazine *Europa*, but it was suppressed before its first issue reached the newsstands. Party-line critics railed that Hlasko was a "cynic and demoralizer," but a poll of Polish youth named him their favorite writer. Last year his novel *The Eighth Day of the Week*, which dealt with the homelessness of a pair of Warsaw lovers, won Poland's highest literary award, though the Polish-West German movie

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made from the book was banned in his homeland.

Moral Atrophy. Seven months ago Party Leader Wladyslaw Gomulka's Red government, which wants to silence all "destructive" criticism but hesitates to act too precipitately, gave Marek Hlasko a passport to visit Western Europe. In Paris he was interviewed by the weekly *L'Express*. Was he a Communist? "There is no such thing as a Communist." What were the differences between France and Poland? "I think that people here are able, at least to some extent, to get an element of joy out of life." What was it like to live under Communism? "The misfortune of a man in a totalitarian country is the feeling, a feeling that never leaves him, of the grotesqueness and ridiculousness of one's own self—the reduction of dreams—the reduction of desires—a moral atrophy—the inability to react to the vileness one sees at every step, every day."

Soon Marek Hlasko was sampling the joys of the free life. He moved in with friends who edited the Polish exile review, *Kultura*. Receiving sizable royalties from Western publishers, he traveled to West Germany and Italy in a beat uniform of blue jeans and cowboy shirt, boasted that he had run through \$4,000 in just a few weeks of high living on the Riviera. He reportedly fell in love with German Actress Sonia Ziemann, who had starred in the movie version of *The Eighth Day of the Week*.

Unsmiling City. All the while, the heat was building up against him at home. The Soviet Union denounced him in the *Literary Gazette*. A provincial Polish town burned his books. The Warsaw party daily *Trybuna Ludu* blasted him as a disciple of George Orwell, "that classical master of anti-Communist pamphleteering." Marek Hlasko wrote an answering letter that *Trybuna Ludu* refused to publish. "It was not I who made Warsaw," said Hlasko bitterly, "that Warsaw that was for so many years a city without a smile; it was not I who made the Warsaw in which people trembled with fear; it was not I who made the Warsaw in which the greatest treasure of the poor was a bottle of vodka; it was not I who made the Warsaw in which a girl was cheaper than a bottle of vodka—it was that Warsaw that made me."

Hlasko knew that this sort of attack could mean imprisonment on his return, but he wrote that "a writer without a fatherland is nothing, and I see no possibility, no accusation, no consequence which could tear me away from my land and my home." Last week Hlasko appeared at the Polish military mission in West Berlin, asked for an extension of his passport so that he could "attend school in France or West Germany." When the passport extension was refused, Marek Hlasko, 26, the most promising young writer of postwar Poland, defected to the West. Explained Hlasko: "They told me I would have to go back to Warsaw for at least three days, but I knew what that meant."



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PEOPLE

While **Nelson Rockefeller** paraded his best vote-luring grins on the hustings far north, brother **Winthrop**, the Arkansas cow baron, slouched into Dallas for the Texas State Fair, broadcast the joys of life as a simple farmer. "I never," he drawled, "want to go back to the city." Winnie, amiably noncommittal about his brother's try for New York Governor ("Most of my Democratic friends think Nelson has a real chance"), slyly dashed, for the time being, any stray ideas that he too might have political hankerings: "The state constitution requires that a man be a resident of Arkansas for seven years before he is eligible to run for Governor. I've only lived there five years."

In memory of her dear, dead days as a student star in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Bing Crosby's dark-eyed spouse **Kathy Grant**, 24 (who used to be Olive Kathryn Grandstaff), established a scholarship for drama hopefuls at the University of Texas, which awarded her the degree of bachelor of fine arts at its 1956 summer-session commencement.

In the far corner raged undefeated retired Heavyweight Champ (1926-28) **Gene Tunney**, ably seconded by Polly, his socialite wife of 30 years. His opponent: burly Yugoslav Dictator **Tito**, a canny pro at the political bob-and-weave. Occasion of the scrap: Tunney's second honeymoon, which the ex-champ, now a capitalist and director of many corporations, wanted to spend on the wooded Adriatic Isle of Brioni, location of Tito's many-splendored summer place. "Thirty years ago," said Gene, "my wife and I spent most of our honeymoon on Brioni."



EX-CHAMP TUNNEY & WIFE
Like a knockout in the second.

Now Tito won't let anyone within 100 miles of the place. I am sore, plenty sore." But soreness, ringsiders agreed, was no match for Balkan bureaucracy: the Tunney holiday would undoubtedly take place far, far from Brioni.

For more than 50 years, a landmark for Londoners (including Irish Immigrant **George Bernard Shaw**) was the flower stall on the Strand commanded by Mrs. Winifred Naomi Wilson. Last week the will of "Cockney Kitty" Wilson (who died in August at 77) was published, revealed that the prototype of the bedraggled **Eliza Doolittle** in *Pygmalion* and *My Fair Lady* had left an estate of \$865,20.

In blithe spirits, 17-year-old James T. Sullivan of Waterloo, Iowa lifted his right hand to take the oath of allegiance



ENLISTEE SULLIVAN
Like father.

required of Navy enlistees, thereby followed in the footsteps of his father Albert and four uncles (George, Francis, Madison and Joseph) who as the **Fighting Sullivans** served together as bluejackets during World War II, died together when the cruiser *Juneau* was torpedoed near Guadalcanal on Nov. 13, 1942.

Leonine Conductor **Leonard Bernstein**, who stomped on tradition by opening the New York Philharmonic's first Thursday "preview" concerts with a clutch of jokes and song snatches in a quavering baritone (TIME, Oct. 13), stomped again at the season's second Thursday. On stage at Carnegie Hall trooped the symphony's 107 members, garbed not in the familiar spiky ties and rumpled tails, but in a Bernstein brainstorm: work clothes of off-black trousers and matching tropical jackets with bandmasters' collars and white



CONDUCTOR BERNSTEIN & PLAYERS
Like bellhops.

cuff piping, based vaguely on the rehearsal coats of old-line European conductors. Reaction: mixed, so far. Murmured one Philharmonic player to another: "You look like a bellhop at the Astor."

Moderately reformed Mobster **Mickey Cohen** reeled back from another defeat in his running battle with the law. Out of a San Francisco court went his \$11,500 suit against a brace of cops for a late night "rousting" two months ago. Protested Mickey's mouthpiece: "The police do not want the presence of the plaintiff in San Francisco." Murmured the judge, deciding that the grounds were "frivolous": "That makes sense."

For Poet **Robinson** (*Roan Stallion*) **Jeffers**, a grave, chilly-eyed solitary who hews out his tragic, relentlessly surging lines in an isolated stone tower of a home at Carmel, Calif., the Academy of American Poets, on the edge of its 25th anniversary, had a warming tribute: its 1958 fellowship, for "distinguished poetic achievement," carrying with it \$5,000—largest award available to native poets. Among the twelve previous fellows: **Rutherford**, N.J. Physician **William Carlos Williams**, Chicago Translator (Ovid, Vergil) **Rolfe Humphries**.

Everything was set for a rally on the Statehouse grounds in Columbia, S.C. by dynamic Evangelist **Billy Graham**, until Governor **George Bell Timmerman Jr.** suddenly protested. The Graham gospel, cried Baptist Timmerman, might be "injurious to the cause of segregation. Billy Graham is well known for his support of the program to mix races in the South. As a Southerner, his endorsement of racial mixing has done much harm." But Billy stood fast: "I am certain no citizen would object to people being won to Christ on the capital grounds."

RELIGION

Pius XII, 1876-1958

Miserere mei, Deus, secundum misericordiam tuam.

These words [Have pity on me, God, according to thy mercy,] which I pronounced at the moment in which with trepidation I accepted election as Supreme Pontiff, I now repeat at a time in which knowledge of the deficiencies, of the failures, of the sins committed during so long a pontificate and in so grave an epoch has made more clear to my mind my insufficiency and unworthiness. . . . I pray those whose affair it is not to bother to erect any monuments to my memory: sufficient it is that my poor mortal remains should be laid simply in a sacred place. . . .

Thus wrote Pope Pius XII in his last will and testament, found after his death last week in a safe in his study. But the

humanity that had been present beneath the papal pomp, and they would scarcely agree with his humble self-assessment of "failures" and "insufficiency." Men of all faiths agreed that Pius XII had been a great Pope.

State of the Church. Other Popes have risen to the challenge of the 20th century, notably Leo XIII, who gave the church and the world his great encyclical on labor. But in the 10 years of Eugenio Pacelli's reign, the nature of the papacy has changed dramatically, partly because few men who have worn the triple crown have been so keenly and so tirelessly aware of the agonies of their age.

When Pacelli was born in 1876, in Rome, the papacy seemed doomed to a decline. Six years before, it had been stripped of temporal power beyond the tiny (108.7 acres) Vatican enclave. Only 32 years before that, Pope Pius IX had

lie statesmen (De Gasperi, Adenauer, Schuman, Fanfani *et al.*) rose to power in Western European countries where only a few years ago anticlericalism was a major prerequisite for political success.

The change was caused partly by the very disasters that struck the world during Pacelli's lifetime, for they branded into men of all faiths a new need for direction and values beyond materialist optimism. Partly it was caused by the death of the old European order, which forced the Vatican to deal not with monarchs or heads of state but with the people, and to find new ways of reaching them. Above all, it was caused by Pius XII's insistence that the papacy had a mission to assert Christian truths about all phases of human life. The Pope delivered thousands of addresses to delegations from every imaginable trade, profession or calling—each address painstakingly composed by himself (*see box*).

The Innovator. Pius XII was often described as an innovator, impelled to innovate not so much by temperament (for he was gentle, cautious and diplomatic) as by the force of the times. He was the first Pope to use a telephone regularly, the first to use a typewriter (a white portable). He strongly suggested that nuns' garb be modernized, liberalized many church rules. But he was an innovator also in far more significant works, which he performed in defense of Christianity against ideological dangers. In a long career (one of his first assignments as a young diplomat was to help represent the Vatican at Queen Victoria's funeral) he saw these dangers of the soul ever from Edwardian complacency to existentialist despair. Perhaps his most important efforts were in these areas:

❑ **COMMUNISM.** When Pius XII was born, the Communists had nowhere won political power; at the time of his death, 52,552,000 Catholics were living in Communist-ruled countries. Again and again, he ringingly condemned Communism as an atheistic and materialistic evil, arch enemy of God and of human rights. In the Communist-ruled countries, Pius XII had to find a harrowing way between the extremes of a tough anti-Communist line that might have destroyed the church through reprisals and a collaborationist line that might have destroyed the church just as surely through spiritual surrender. Poland's Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski and his precarious stand-off with the Red regime has shown that toughness can be combined with shrewd compromise. In the Western countries, the Pope took a bold political step in 1949 when he excommunicated all Catholics who "knowingly and freely . . . defend and spread Communism."

❑ **LAW.** The very concept of the law, Pius felt, was breaking down. In his encyclicals and addresses he related natural law to the whole field of ethics, politics and the principles of society. Beneath the imperatives of the state or the vote, he reminded statesmen and voters, lies the will of God reflected in the social order.



THE POPE LYING IN STATE
Beneath the pomp, the simple attraction of Christian goodness.

remains of Eugenio Pacelli, Pius XII, Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Jesus Christ, were not "laid simply" away. Before the great altar in St. Peter's, where only the Pope may say Mass, the body of Pius XII lay in state for three days. Then, after final absolution, it was placed in a triple coffin (oak, lead and cypress) and interred in the most sacred spot in Christendom—below the Bernini altar near St. Peter's supposed grave, whose discovery the Pope himself announced in 1950. Buried with the Pope was a red bag containing a sample of every Vatican coin minted during his reign, a parchment copy of the eulogy read at the final funeral Mass and the pieces of his broken Fisherman's Ring.

Despite the grandeur of the funeral, the mourners who thronged the Vatican this week—the foreign statesmen as well as the crowds of Romans who had cheered him for years as he rode through his city—knew the simplicity and the intelligent

feeling when Mazzini and his revolutionists seized control of Rome. In Pacelli's childhood the world outside the Vatican seethed with anticlericalism and glowed with humanist confidence in the ever-onwardness and upwardness of history. Today the papacy and the Catholic Church are immensely stronger. Part of the story is told in numbers: during Pius XII's reign, Catholics throughout the world grew from 388,402,610 to 496,512,000 despite attrition in Iron Curtain countries. The church's strengthened spiritual posture was marked by the fact that under Pius 33 saints were canonized,* more than under any other Pope in this century. Its political success can be judged from the fact that, during Pius' reign, Christian Democratic parties and Catho-

* Among them, Pope Pius X (under whom the young Pacelli served), Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, first U.S. citizen to be raised to sainthood.

Q DOGMA. Pius XII spectacularly stiffened the fabric of faith by promulgating the ancient dogma of the Virgin Mary's bodily assumption into Heaven (in doing so he was the first Pope in history to make such public exercise of the 1870 dogma of papal infallibility). In 1950 in the encyclical *Humani Generis* he cracked down hard on Catholic teachers, priests and philosophers whose speculations might carry them away from the dogmas of the church and the formal system of

thought laid down by St. Thomas Aquinas. **Q NATIONALISM.** Pope Pius laid claim once more to the church's status as the supranational community, nourishing the shallow roots of secular internationalism ("The Church is a mother—*Sancta Mater Ecclesia*—a true mother, mother of all nations and all peoples"). As he saw the colonial peoples rise, he laid increasing stress on substituting native priests for missionaries—and promoting them to bishops wherever possible.

Gothic Figure. Above and beyond his diplomatic and intellectual role there was always the Pope's incandescent personality. In a prayer to Mary he once asked that all men be made to "feel the attraction of Christian goodness." That was what most men felt in the presence. It was in a sense ironic that this sophisticated diplomat, member of old Roman aristocracy, should become so popular a Pope. Before World War II, a papal audience for a layman was a prestigious and proto-



AGAGIANIAN



SIRI



LERCARO



MONTINI

PAPAL POSSIBILITIES

HE who enters the conclave Pope comes out cardinal." Holds an old Roman proverb, indicating that predictions are as risky in papal elections as in any other. At the conclave which meets in the Vatican Oct. 25, several questions are likely to arise:

1) *Italian v. non-Italian Pope.* Under Pius XII's reign, for the first time in 500 years, non-Italian cardinals have come to outnumber the Italians, 37 to 18, but it is still considered probable that the next Pope will be Italian. The last non-Italian Pope was a Dutchman, Adrian VI, 1522-23.

2) *Political v. pastoral Pope.* In Vatican history the two types have often alternated, and since Pius XII was a diplomat who never had a parish of his own, there may be pressure for a pastoral candidate. This may be offset by the desire of the Vatican's Curia cardinals to keep tight central control.

3) *Compromise candidate.* In case of a deadlock, the conclave may decide on an aged cardinal whose reign might be brief, postponing a decision (of the Italian cardinals, only three are under 70, of the whole college only 21).

Among the most widely mentioned "papabile" last week: Gregory Peter XV Cardinal Agagianian, 63. Patriarch of Cilicia of the Armenians, an Oriental rite communion of the Roman Catholic Church with headquarters near Beirut. Generally considered one of the best brains in the church, Agagianian was appointed by Pope Pius XII to succeed the late Cardinal Stritch as chief of all Catholic missions, is the church's top expert on the Mideast and Communism. His Russian-Armenian origin, which militates against his choice, in another respect weighs in his favor: his election would greatly impress Russians and other Eastern peoples.

Giuseppe Cardinal Siri, 52. Archbishop of Genoa, once known as the "minestrone cardinal" for his soup-kitchen relief work on his city's Communist-infested docks, is noted for his administrative talent and a belief in paternalism toward the workers. He also has a reputation for being severe and authoritarian in manner, is the youngest cardinal.

Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro, 66. Archbishop of Bologna, a sailor's son, is a lusty, genial fighter who organized the "flying priest" squads against the Communists. Deeply concerned with social reform, he has a left-wing reputation.

Giovanni Battista Montini, 61. Archbishop of Milan, is one of the ablest men in the church, served under Pius XII as pro-Secretary of State for ten years. Shifted from the Vatican to the Milan diocese in 1954, he still wears no red hat; not for almost 600 years has a noncardinal been chosen.

Ernesto Cardinal Ruffini, 70. Archbishop of Palermo, is noted for keen interest in science, inexperience in politics, and personal courage. Once when the famed Sicilian bandit Giuliano was terrorizing the countryside near Palermo, Ruffini walked out alone into the hills and cried: "Giuliano, I am your archbishop and I forbid you to kill!"

Angelo Giuseppe Cardinal Roncalli, 77. Patriarch of Venice, is popular, devoted to charitable works, nonpolitical, lives up to his cardinal's motto: "Obedientia et Pax."

Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, 67. pro-Secretary of the Congregation of the Holy Office (the church's guardian of dogma), is a stiff-backed expert in canon law and one of the Vatican's more reactionary figures. He is handicapped by near-blindness in one eye.

Valerio Cardinal Valeri, 75, the Vatican's top administrator for religious orders and an outstanding theologian.



RUFFINI



RONCALLI



OTTAVIANI



VALERI

col-encrusted enterprise. Under Pius XII, however, a visit to the Pope was heart-warming and almost informal (he often studied the sports pages of newspapers as carefully as the political news, because at many audiences he was required to talk more about sports than politics).

Through the big Portone di Bronzo at the right of St. Peter's and up the broad staircase to the audience chambers on the second floor trooped bobby-soxers and Brahmins, camera-slung tourists, oilmen and stenographers and schoolteachers. One need be neither Catholic nor Christian to be received, and the white-robed Holy Father walked among them all, making brief small talk in six languages, handing out holy medals, even exchanging his white silk skull cap with some visitor who had brought one for the purpose. The New York Times's late Anne O'Hare McCormick described him thus: "He is straight, strong, taut as a watch spring, thin as a young tree, but tranquil and tranquilizing

—a Gothic figure whose vestments fall about him in Gothic folds, whose long hands are raised in Gothic gestures, both stiff and graceful."

The Cunctator. Pius XII was the only Pope to have visited America (in 1936 when he was Vatican Secretary of State), and his pontificate was notable for its strengthened ties with the U.S. Five U.S. cardinals were named during his reign (James Cardinal McIntyre, Edward Cardinal Mooney, Francis Cardinal Spellman, the late Samuel Cardinal Stritch, the late John Cardinal Glennon). Two close personal friends of Pius XII were Americans—Cardinal Spellman and Boston Tycoon Joseph P. Kennedy, onetime Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

In his preoccupation with the world at large and with his diplomat's tendency to avoid sharp edges, Pope Pius often neglected the Vatican itself. He seemed to shrink from making much-needed appointments to the central machinery of the

church. Result, at the time of his death: 13 vacancies in a superannuated College of Cardinals, no Secretary of State, no governor for Vatican City, no camerlengo (see The Succession). Said one of his closest advisers sadly last week: "He provided badly for his successor."

If he was slow to arrive at decisions, he partly made up for it by a relentless, austere capacity for hard work. Even at his summer residence, Castel Gandolfo, Pope Pius had a mania about wasting a second. Sitting under a red umbrella in the shade of a huge ilex tree (he could not hear strong sunlight), or walking briskly in his shaded garden, he kept his nose buried in documents he was studying. During his solitary, silent and frugal meals, Pius listened to the news broadcasts, but so chary was he of an unnecessary word that once when he sneezed and his normally silent barber instinctively exclaimed "Salute!" the Pope replied "Grazie," then quickly warned, "Basta, basta,"—enough, enough.

Lost illness. Though he had been sickly as a child, his constitution was remarkable, and he rallied amazingly from his serious illness four years ago (TIME, Dec. 13, 1954). He was in good health until the recurrence, a week ago, of the gastric pain and hiccups that had plagued him in 1954. He soon struggled back into his stringent schedule, but one day last week, as his doctor was examining him, he suddenly cried in alarm, "Die mio, nun ci vedo!"—My God, I cannot see! It was a stroke. The Pope fought back. His vision restored, he summoned his substitute Secretary of State, Angelo Dell'Acqua, and sharply demanded: "Why have the audiences been canceled?" He received Holy Communion and Extreme Unction from his German Jesuit secretary, Father Robert Leiber, but he peeked at the thermometer when his temperature was being taken and said "non è grave" when he saw it was only 99°. That night he drank a glass of red wine and called for a recording of Beethoven's *First Symphony*. At 7:30 the next morning, a second stroke left him unconscious. But it took his stubborn body nearly 20 hours to die.

The ancient, ponderous rituals began. Swiss Guards drew a heavy iron chain across the Gandolfo Palace entrance, and in Rome the great bronze doors of St. Peter's clanged shut. Attendants removed the flannel pajamas in which the Pope died and dressed the body in a white silk cassock and an ermine-trimmed crimson velvet cape, Sister Pasqualina, the German nun who had been the Pope's devoted housekeeper, had a small ritual of her own. She assembled the Pope's half-dozen pet birds and, carrying their cage and two suitcases, left for an unannounced destination. Her task was done.

Two members of the Noble Guard, with golden helmets and drawn swords, took up a vigil at the bedside. Later they guarded the body during its 15-mile-long trip to the Vatican, through the Roman streets that the first native Roman Pope in 200 years had loved well, passing a stone's throw from the house where he was born.

Among the crowds that watched the

THE POPE SPEAKS

Communication. "Away with the barriers! Break down the barbed-wire fences! Let each people be free to know the life of the other people; let that segregation of some countries from the rest of the civilized world, so dangerous to peace, be abolished."

Families. "Amidst the most damaging aberrations of modern pagans is the opinion of those who define fecundity as a social evil." Enumerating the blessings of having many children, the Pope added: "No sooner are the happy pilgrimages to the baptismal font ended than the bright series of first communions and confirmations begins, and when the smallest brother puts away his first-communion suit, out comes the family's first nuptial veil, bringing together before the altar the parents, all the children, and the delight of new in-laws."

Democracy. "So far-reaching and decisive has the activity of the state become in modern times that a democratic form of government is considered by many today to be a natural postulate of reason itself."

Automobiles. To the Ninth International Congress of Automobile Elegance: "The automobile is one of the happiest fusions between mechanics and art . . . A car's elegance must be a symbol of nobility of soul. The coachwork must be subject to the severe laws of aerodynamics. Coach-builders have made use of this subjection to conceive models whose lines adapt themselves to the movement of the eye which follows the vehicle hurtling at top speed along the road."

Women. To the Italian Women's Center: "Women are creation's masterpiece . . . The concept of the woman of the shipyards, of the mines, of heavy labor as it is exalted and practiced by some countries in the name

of progress is anything but a modern concept. It is a sad return toward epochs that Christian civilization buried long ago."

Peace. "We must persuade those who are easily deceived by the mirage of a peace consisting in an abundance of temporal goods that security and lasting peace are above all a question of spiritual unity and of moral dispositions."

Ireland. To the Irish Pioneer Total Abstinence Association of the Sacred Heart: "Ireland is a land of the smile and the tear. Also, alas, what a flood of tears, drowning out the joy and laughter of home and hearth, has poured through when the dyke of temperance has been shattered."

Silence. To the Italian League Against Excessive Noise: "Silence is beneficial not only to sanity, nervous equilibrium and intellectual labor, but also helps man to live a life that reaches to the depths and the heights."

Mercy Killing. "Morals evidently condemn mercy killing, that is, the intention to cause death. But if a dying person consents, it is permissible to use with moderation narcotics which will allay his suffering but will also cause quicker death . . . In this case, death is not the direct intention."

Rocketry. To a rocket congress: "When God enjoined man to conquer the earth, He doubtlessly included the universe as well. Your action is completely legitimate and praiseworthy."

Religion. "To draw a line of separation between religion and life, between the supernatural and the natural, between the church and the world, as though they had no relation to each other, as though the rights of God were not valid within the whole realm of human and social life, this is manifestly un-Christian."



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PAPAL AUDIENCE FOR INVALIDS (1957)
In six languages, words to warm the hearts.

motor hearse go by, there was already talk that some day Pope Pius XII may be canonized a saint. Several instances have been reported of unusual healing at his touch or prayer. Weight will be added to the arguments for his canonization by his reported vision of Jesus Christ just before his serious illness four years ago and his reported visions of the sun revolving in the sky (as it did to announce the famed apparition of the Virgin to three shepherd children of Fatima, Portugal, in 1917). But whatever future learned tribunals may decide about his saintliness, millions who saw him or heard his words will require no visions, no miracles beyond the fact that Pius XII was able to make a tormented world feel "the attraction of Christ's goodness."

The Succession

As he stood over the body of Pope Pius XII, Eugène Cardinal Tisserant softly pronounced the words: "The Holy Father is dead." With his words began a solemn interregnum that will end only when the newly elected Pope walks from the Sistine Chapel to bless the crowds waiting in St. Peter's Square.

Since Pius XII had not filled the office that would become most important after his death, that of Camerlengo (chamberlain), the 13 cardinals in Rome on the day he died hurriedly chose one: 79-year-old Vatican Diplomat Benedetto Aloisi Cardinal Masella. One of his first duties was the breaking of the Fisherman's ring worn by the late Pope as well as the larger papal seals used for documents. (Traditional purpose: to ensure against forging of papal documents).

Next, the new Camerlengo held daily meetings in the tapestried Consistory Hall with cardinals arriving from all over the world. Each cardinal had to be sworn not to reveal any detail of the papal election, and, in case he is chosen Pope, not to sur-

render any of the Vatican's independence. Restrictions of the Camerlengo's authority are severe; with the heads of the Sacred Congregations, he superintends whatever Vatican business may not be postponed but may not make major decisions. Sign of his office: an umbrella, ancient Oriental symbol of power, once used to represent the papacy in general.

Locked Door. The conclave will begin Oct. 25, and only when a new Pope is chosen. By week's end it appeared that perhaps 50 of the 53 surviving members of the Sacred College (full strength: 70) would attend the conclave. Of the Iron Curtain cardinals, only Poland's Wyszyński seemed likely to come to Rome. Hungary's Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, living in the American legation in Budapest, and Yugoslavia's Aloysius Cardinal Stepinac, ailing and confined to his village, almost surely cannot attend. Other doubtful participants: France's Georges Cardinal Grégoire, 86, and Chile's José Cardinal Caro Rodríguez, 92, both in poor health; Nationalist China's exiled Thomas Cardinal Tien, ailing in a West German hospital.

Before the conclave, Vatican masons and carpenters will have walled off all except one entrance to a huge area surrounding the Sistine Chapel. The cardinals, each accompanied by two nonvoting assistants, or conclavists, will file through the remaining door into the barricaded area. The marshal of the conclave, usually a Roman nobleman, will lock the door.

Food will be cooked and served inside the conclave area, and cardinals will sleep in hastily partitioned three-room apartments. Only condition under which a cardinal may leave: serious illness certified to by three physicians, who are also locked up for the conclave's duration.

White Smoke. Two ballots are taken each morning and afternoon in the Sistine Chapel. No cardinal may vote for himself, and a two-thirds majority, plus

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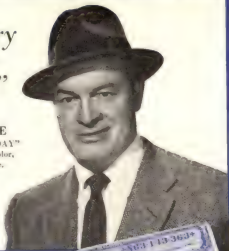
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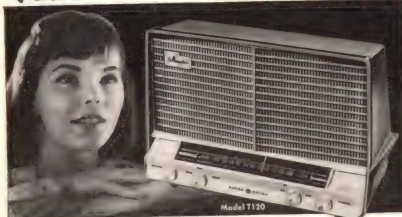
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

one vote, is necessary for election. Outside the chapel, open discussion and open electioneering are permitted.

Outside the Vatican, crowds will wait expectantly, eyes fixed on a spindly stove-pipe that juts from a wall of the Sistine Chapel. Reason: ballots are burned with damp straw—which makes black smoke—when votes are inconclusive, burned alone—which causes white smoke—after a Pope has been chosen. After the deciding vote, the Pope-elect is asked simply: "Acceptasne electionem?" [Do you accept the election?]. His solemn answer: "Accep-to."

New P.B.

At Miami Beach last week 146 bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church elected a new presiding bishop to succeed Boston's Rt. Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill who, after almost twelve years in the post.



Alton Gould

PRESIDING BISHOP LICHTENBERGER
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next month reaches the mandatory retirement age of 68. The new "P.B.": the Rt. Rev. Arthur C. Lichtenberger, 58. Bishop of Missouri since 1952.

The new head of 3,000,000 Episcopalians in the U.S. is the son of an Oshkosh grocer, was educated at Ohio's Kenyon College and the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass. He was dean of Trinity Cathedral in Newark from 1941-48, spent the next three years as professor of pastoral theology at Manhattan's General Theological Seminary. Handsome, jovial "Lichty" Lichtenberger, onetime choir boy, football player and still a devoted Milwaukee Braves fan, holds a solid middle ground between high and low church. He is also known as a wheel in the ecumenical movement. When he heard of his election in Miami Beach, Bishop Lichtenberger went for a swim and wryly told his wife that he would like to keep right on swimming—east. Was he reluctant to take up his new post? "Yes. This is not a thing one chooses."



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SHOW BUSINESS

The Plot to Kill CBS

The central character of *Playhouse 90's* opening show last month (TIME, Sept. 20) was a polished, elderly tyrant named Joseph Stalin, who lived in a palace called the Kremlin. His courtiers—named Beria, Malenkov, Molotov and Khrushchev—hated Stalin and hungered for his power. Together they plotted his death, and it turned out to be an easier job than they had supposed. Stalin suffered a stroke, and, as the CBS camera dollied in for the climactic closeup, Khrushchev dramatically refused him any aid.

Moscow really had little to complain about. Worse charges than a simple little murder have been brought against Russia's masters, and, as acted by old Matinee Idol Melvyn Douglas, Stalin never emerged as a grand old man. But New York Times Critic Jack Gould thought the cloak-and-dagger-type—which mixed painstaking research with fantastic guesswork—an insult to a government "with which this country maintains formal, if very strained, diplomatic relations." The Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. agreed. "Smiling Mike" Menshikov called the play "a filthy slander against the Soviet Union . . . incompatible with international standards." With that, he fired off a protest to the State Department.

State took the protest "under advisement" and left it there. But CBS last week was told by the Russians that its Moscow bureau had become "unnecessary." CBS Moscow Correspondent Paul Niven got two weeks notice to clear out. Lamented CBS Vice President (in charge of news) Sig Nickelson: "The injury to CBS News is less than the injury to the American public, because this action destroys one more channel in the flow of firsthand information."

Stage-Struck Shrewdies

Few first-nighters recognized him, but the rumpled character caught in the crush at last week's opening of Walter and Jean Kerr's musicomed *Goldilocks* (see THEATER) had one of the most important parts in the show: he was the moneyman, Roger Lacey Stevens, 48, a balding, burly real estate operator who did not become a playboy until he passed 30, today is the busiest producer on Broadway. He handles the purse strings for 1) the Producers' Theater, a group he formed with Producer Robert Whitehead; 2) the famed Playwrights' Company; 3) ANTA (American National Theater and Academy); and 4) the Phoenix Theater, Manhattan's most distinguished off-Broadway playhouse. This season Stevens expects to have no fewer than 16 Broadway entries.

The *Goldilocks* notices were lukewarm, but Moneyman Stevens was not bothered, for he is a hardened hand at flops. In eight years, out of \$4,000,000 worth of plays, he has had some 20 hits, 30 misses. This fall he is already responsible for two flops: *Howe* and *A Handful of Fire*. But

balancing them, his Producers' Theater has brought in Eugene O'Neill's ponderous success, *A Touch of the Poet*. And other Stevens projects include such items as *The Pleasure of His Company*, with Cornelia Otis Skinner, *The Man in the Dog Suit*, with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy, and *Darlin' Man*, a musical version of O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*. Some of these may soon rank with earlier Stevens' successes—*Four Poster*, *Tea and Sympathy*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

Full Employment. "Most shows," Stevens insists, "are lousy investments unless you have a good tax base and don't mind



ARCHANGEL STEVENS
It's more fun than real estate.

losing money." A good tax base is exactly what Stevens has—real estate operations ranging all the way from buying the Empire State Building in 1951 (he resold it in 1954) to subleasing a vast section of downtown Seattle. But Stevens also has another, special asset: he knows how to put the touch on other people. He raises vast sums as quickly as he can raise a telephone. Says Playwright Marc (Green Pastures) Connelly: "Stevens is a stage-struck shrewdie who brings nothing to the theater but a knowledge of real estate. The only thing you can say for him is that he keeps employment at a high level."

That is saying a lot. In the two decades since Max Gordon staged *Dods* (worth for \$50,000 and saw the show move into the black as soon as it began to gross \$13,200 a week on the road, production costs have doubled. *A Touch of the Poet* must take in a minimum of \$25,000 a week to break even: *A Handful of Fire* lost its backers \$150,000 before the books were closed. The productions with which Stevens is connected this season will cost a total of \$3,000,000 before they all get to Broadway.

Democrat, Too. The fast-stepping financing required by such production costs is second nature to Stevens, who quit the University of Michigan as a sophomore when his family was short of cash, seven years later boasted a \$50,000 bank account and a \$25,000-a-year income from Detroit real estate deals. After a wartime hitch in the Navy, merely making money was not enough for Stevens, and he drifted into Detroit's Drama Guild. Before long, he bought his way onto Broadway, joined the board of ANTA, then became a member of the Playwrights' Company. He impressed such topflight playwrights as Maxwell Anderson and Robert Sherwood as a wonderful source of cash. Stevens now runs syndicates of theatrical angels and archangels, one of which put together \$540,000 for this year's ventures alone (his own contribution: \$30,000). Stevens is also a director of a company that controls eight important theaters, guaranteeing a home for almost any Stevens show in theater-short Manhattan.

Running his real estate business in the mornings, his theater productions in the afternoons and evenings (he reads about 200 scripts a year), Stevens still finds time to raise funds for the Democratic National Committee. He is an ardent Adlai Stevenson backer and gives him a good chance to win the 1960 nomination. But if he should be offered a Washington job, Stevens is certain he will turn it down: "In Washington you have to work your tail off all the time. You don't even dare take a drink down there."

Fact is that even on Broadway, Stevens finds little time for social elbow-bending. "If I only knew more of these actors," says he wistfully, "If I had time to get to all their cocktail parties, I'd be a helluva lot better off. I find theater people a lot more fun than real estate people."

Party Line

There were Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, sweating in the humid Indian evening, New York's ex-Governor Thomas E. Dewey at dawn, fresh from a Maine breakfast, and Novelist Aldous Huxley, brooding in yoga-like, early-afternoon calm in Turin, Italy—all linked by radio and film in a fourway, unrehearsed conversation with Edward R. Murrow in a CBS studio in New York. The program: *Small World*, Murrow's intercontinental version of *Person to Person*.

"It was just like a party line," said Associate Producer Palmer Williams, and unfortunately it was. Each speaker, too well aware that people were listening in, meticulously minded his manners and guarded his words. Nehru retold his tired rationalizations, which purport to distinguish between "neutrality" and "non-alignment"; Dewey spelled out once more the aggressive aims of the Soviet Union; Huxley wryly conjectured on the fate of the world's burgeoning population. Happily, the technically excellent show had other moments. Scratching his head, bobbing up and down, Nehru rambled into the startling assertion that "hunger is more important even than freedom,



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except in odd individuals." Lawyer Dewey suggested that the U.N. refer the dispute over Quemoy and Matsu to the World Court for an opinion, seemingly come close to defending recognition of Red China. (Perhaps, he suggested, diplomatic recognition is only an admission of fact.)

Future round-the-world chats promise more freeheeling argument: Impresario Sol Hurok. Actor-Playwright Peter Ustinov and Governor McKeldin on TV, taxes and cultural interchange with Russia; Actress Lauren Bacall. Editor Malcolm Muggeridge and Hollywood Frontman Eric Johnston discussing women's suffrage and the impact of U.S. movies. But unless Murrow and his guests unlimber, the show may justify Aldous Huxley's skepticism. Questioning the wisdom of bringing together distant points—and points of view—Huxley quipped: "Sufficient unto the place is the evil thereof."

Neither New nor Old

"When I went on in 1948," said the greying haystack of a man, "they believed anyone hammy enough to get up and say: 'Here's how to do it.' For eight seasons, until felled by the ax of public apathy, Milton Berle showed them how to do it. Last week, in a salt bath of nostalgia, Berle and another old pro who had called it quits at the same time—Jackie Gleason—were prancing again in front of their very own cameras. Unhappily, while both comedians may eventually have the last laugh, on their present shows their audiences rarely even have the first.

Comedian Gleason (CBS), more energetic than ever after slimming down from 284 lbs. to 220, forgot to put the same pep in his format. Only fresh element to appear is Rumdum, who gets thrown out of saloons in pantomime; otherwise Gleason has retreated the old sit-bys, e.g., the Poor Soul, Reggie Van Gleason III. (Reggie also crept into Gleason's performance of Joe, the philosophical boozier, in *Playhouse 90's* otherwise first-rate production of William Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*.) Perhaps Gleason's worst mistake: replacing Ari Carney and Audrey Meadows, who were actors, and could play up to Gleason's roaring diatribes and outrageous double takes, with Buddy Hackett, a lowbrow buffoon funny on his own but not much help to Gleason.

Comedian Berle, for his return (NBC), renounced his former control over lighting, staging, dance arrangements and sets. During rehearsals, Miltie restricted himself to learning his routines and yelling at the piano player. Perhaps for this reason, on his opening show, he was little more than a carpenter's assistant to the wild house wrecker he once was. His one-minute exchange with Guest Bob Hope was mildly funny, his opening monologue even milder, and his dance routine was just routine. Many viewers will be happy that he is trying to get his laughs standing up instead of falling down, but even those who welcome the lack of tumult may ask for a little more to shout about. "It isn't a new Berle or an old Berle," cracked one old studio hand, "just an older Berle."

VIEWPOINT

Advertising

Adventuresome Jones

Ernest A. Jones, crisp, youthful president of MacManus, John and Adams, is concerned about a figure his advertising agency's research department has just produced. According to their estimate, the average American is now exposed to some 1,600 different ad messages daily.

"This is bound to produce a certain haze," says Jones. "This problem becomes more and more one of breaking through—and we believe that there's a secret weapon. The weapon is the creative power of the adventuresome idea."



JONES:
He has a secret weapon.

Not Just Buckeye

Jones, whose \$40 million-billing agency handles such top accounts as Cadillac, Pontiac, and Dow Chemical, commutes between the offices in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, New York and Hollywood. "The irresistible force in all merchandising is the adventuresome idea, skillfully presented at the psychologically right time," says Jones. "Both people and corporations are inevitably moved by it."

"Our current commercial approach can't always be so obvious," he admits. "The consumer today is sophisticated as well as saturated. The era of the twelve-year-old mind is over. The adventuresome idea must not just hammer or achieve notoriety. It must always respect the reader's or the viewer's intelligence."

Role of the Agency

"This is the true value of the advertising agency," says Jones. "The agency must diligently define the problem with the best tools available—research and marketing know-how. Then it must seek and create the ideas that will communicate and capture minds. It's a challenge, but if we're going to sell in the 'big 60's' ahead, we'd better do this for the businesses we serve."

Published as a service to the advertising industry and the
consuming public by **McCall's**

The magazine of Togetherness

You'll
love
the
lightness
of
imported
sherry

...when it's Duff Gordon.

Lighter than a cocktail,
it's refreshingly different.

Duff Gordon Cream, luxuriously sweet
Duff Gordon Nina, medium sweet
Duff Gordon No. 28, full bodied
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DUFF GORDON

THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the New York *Daily News*, over the story of World War II Army Deserter Wayne Powers' decision to marry the Frenchwoman who bore him five children:

EX-GI AND HIS YVETTE.
WHO DID, WILL SAY "I DO"

Saying It Safely

"I don't think I'm mean," said the Associated Press's staff cartoonist, John Milton Morris, 48, who draws his syndicated editorial-page cartoons as he parts his hair: right down the middle. "And I don't think I'd deliberately hurt anybody." For many syndicated cartoonists, including John Morris, the Quemoy crisis, the election campaign and even the integration struggle (see cuts) are issues to be treated with a hand so even that it barely seems to be moving. If they stepped off the middle, they would surely land right on the toes of some of their widespread, widely differing clients.

As a result, most of the syndicated cartoons that are fed out to U.S. newspaper readers either delicately straddle current controversies or join all mankind in approving mother love and condemning sin. The A.P.'s Morris (183 clients) has brought equivocation to such a fine art that he can sometimes make one cartoon do two jobs. In 1952 Republican Morris sent out one cartoon that could be used with one caption if Harry Truman decided to run for a third term, and with another caption if Harry decided to drop out. Morris is consistently successful in not offending many of the customers, best remembers an outraged Hungarian who wrote to complain that the Hungarian gypsy freedom fighter in a Morris cartoon improperly sported two earrings instead of the usual one.

The syndicated cartoons are beamed mostly to dailies too limited in circulation and budget to put a fulltime cartoonist on the staff (cost range of syndicated cartoons: \$4 to \$100 a week). The pastel-tempered cartoonists swear that theirs is not a frustrating lot. But now and then Morris knocks out a vicious cartoon on some pet peeve or political devil, exhibits it around the office, tears it up and, refreshed in spirit, returns to the job of producing six inoffensive cartoons a week.

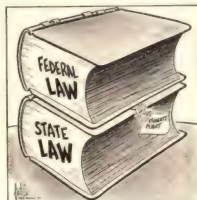
With such generally bland fare coming off most of the syndicate drawing boards, it is not surprising that the most noted syndicated cartoonist in the U.S. is the Washington *Post's* left-winging, bully-punching Herbert Block, who has drawn the Vice President of the U.S. as a blade-jawed criminal and the President as a grinning idiot. Through the Hall Syndicate, "Herblock" gets to 266 papers with a circulation of 17 million. "We have a different approach over here," says Hall's Executive Vice President Ira Emerich. "Our feeling is that a cartoonist has to hit hard to be any good."

Impartiality Gone Haywire

At the annual convention of the Japan Newspaper Publishers and Editors Association in Sendai City, the nation's top newsmen gladdened the hearts of the geisha by spending yen as if they were sen. It was expense account money, handed



TRYING TO SERVE THE OCTOPUS



BOOKS



BACK OF THE HAND TO HIM
Delicately down the middle.

tomorrow's products today...through ENJAY PETROCHEMICALS

Styrene model... sailing classic in modern plastic!



Enjay supplies benzene, an essential ingredient in the manufacture of polystyrene, from which this scale model of a three-masted schooner was made. Polystyrene permits the precision molding of the hundreds of pieces to produce a perfect replica of the original. In plastics, as in other fields, Enjay Petrochemicals help make possible tomorrow's products—today! Nine conveniently located offices stand ready to serve you.



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*Pioneer in
Petrochemicals*

Introducing the "Linear Look"...

OLDSMOBILE

So totally new...so typically Olds!



Ninety-Eight Holiday Scen Coupe—features new heat-resistant rear window, combining cool comfort with maximum visibility. Scen Coupe styling also available in Dynamic 88 and Super 88 Series.



for '59

Here you see the start of a new styling cycle! Sweeping expanses of glass enhance Oldsmobile's new inner spaciousness. For in every '59 Olds there's *new roominess*... here, there, everywhere... from leg room to luggage space! New Rocket Engines, too, newly engineered for quietness, smoothness *and economy*! And everywhere you look on *every* '59 Olds you'll find the *added values* you asked for... from new Magic-Mirror Finishes to safety-cooled Air-Scoop Brakes on *all four* wheels. See the quality leader of the medium price class—the exciting '59 Oldsmobile!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



Super 88 Holiday Sport Sedan—full family size with 4-door convenience plus the flair of a sports car. Also available in the Dynamic 88 (right rear) and Ninety-Eight Series.

Discover the added values in OLDSmobility...
at your local quality dealer's!



AND TOMORROW NAPLES!



So much to look forward to... so much to remember! A divine trip! I've been outrageously spoiled... superb service... delicious food... wonderful atmosphere... heavenly nights. I feel I already know Italy and adore it!

Italian Line

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR ITALIAN LINE • BATTERY PARK BUILDING, 24 STATE STREET, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.
TELEPHONE: DIOBY 4-0800 • CRISTOFORO COLOMBO • GIULIO CESARE • AUGUSTUS • SATURNIA • VULCANIA



JAPANESE CITY ROOM
Plenty of face but not much depth.

out by their hard-pressed business offices with orders to spend it as conspicuously as possible. The object: to achieve the utmost face and to give the impression that Japanese newspapers were doing just great.

The face-saving in Sendai City, 190 miles north of Tokyo, was a symptom of the ills that have turned Japan's press into a flabby-muscle giant. The 186 Japanese dailies have built up a daily circulation of nearly 36 million, trail only the U.S. (38 million) and Russia (57 million), exceed the rest of Asia, Africa and South America combined. In ratio to population, the Japanese circulation approximates that of the U.S., far exceeds Russia's. Biggest Japanese daily is Tokyo's outsize *Asahi*, which has four regional publishing plants and a staff of more than 7,000, turns out a grand total of 100 morning editions, for a circulation of 4,500,000.*

Into the Red. The competition to reap these bustling sales has nudged most papers into the red. "Since the war ended, our costs have exceeded our revenues," admitted Association President Chikao Honda. Subscription prices are fantastically low: 84¢ will buy a month's home delivery of morning and afternoon editions. Promotion prizes are so big that they often cancel out any gain in circulation. Cried Honda: "Our excessive competition is like pulling the legs of a man who is hanging himself."

To build prestige, the papers spend lavishly on such extracurricular flings as importing the New York Yankees and the St. Louis Cardinals, financing deep-sea bathysphere explorations. To save their employees' face, publishers give out biannual bonuses amounting to some 40% of salaries, automatically move their best reporters into administrative jobs at around

35. Not only do the overstaffed papers hardly ever fire anyone, but, as a sort of national face-saving gesture, they yearly hire unnecessary help from Japan's crop of new college graduates.

With such manpower on tap, the Japanese press can turn loose hordes of newsmen, gives the cops more trouble than the rioters at demonstrations. Japanese photographers vault graves and straddle coffins to get good shots of mass funerals. A reporter once got into Premier Nobusuke Kishi's bedroom. In addition, Japanese papers use flashy modern trappings such as airplanes, walkie-talkies and monotypes that can set some 2,000 Japanese syllabaries and Chinese ideographs.

Aid for the Reds. In sharp contrast to these alert, aggressive techniques, the Japanese press has abdicated its responsibility to espouse, attack or even examine the variety of political opinions that are the stuff of democracy. It is in the grip of impartiality gone haywire. Only two of the nation's papers—the daily Communist *Akubata* (circ. 30,000) and the three-monthly Socialist *Shakai Shimpō* (circ. 80,000)—advance any creed. The rest of the Japanese press has only one policy: to attack the government. The rationalization is that the government is the press's traditional enemy, must be fought even though the papers are remarkably free from official restraint.

This policy plays Japan's conservative-owned papers into the hands of left-wing staffers, who have so discredited Premier Kishi that last month he made the face-losing appeal: "Is it all that bad—is there nothing good?" To many readers, Japan's industrious, irresponsible press has made it all seem that bad. Says one student: "We learn from the press that the conservatives are thinly disguised reactionaries and the socialists are weak and ineffectual. Perhaps the Communists are really the only people who have something."

* Biggest U.S. newspaper: the New York *Daily News* (circ. 2,014,542).



shoes, florists, tires, schools,
bowling, plumbers, machine tools
whatever you need—

Find It Fast
In The
Yellow Pages



Advertisers displaying this emblem
make your shopping easy.

MEDICINE

Adding Life to Years

(See Cover)

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off . . .

—Psalms 90:10

Every afternoon last week a grey 1951 Chevrolet threaded through the streets on the edge of town, pulled up alongside the field where Stockton (junior) College's red-and-blue-jerseyed Mustangs worked out under the gentling fall sun of California's Central Valley. Out of the car stepped a trim figure in grey slacks and blue windbreaker. Under fluffy, center-parted white hair, his big, broad-browed head was thrust forward, turtle fashion. He looked old as he walked toward the cleat-chewed turf, but he shed his years like a mantle and straightened up smartly as the call rang out: "All right, kickers and punters," and the 39 players ended their scrimmage. Nine young men fell out and trotted over to the venerable newcomer. "Hi, coach," they chorused. Then one asked: "How about some kicking today, sir?"

The old man gave soft-voiced assent, and clouds of dirt rained on him as the hopeful youngsters kicked. Suddenly he snapped to attention, barked at No. 84: "Head down, boy, eyes up!" Turning sideways he demonstrated the posture with fluent grace. "Relax, boys," he said easily; "don't be awkward."

What made this scene unique among thousands of similar spectacles on U.S. playing fields was the identity of the kicking coach: Amos Alonzo Stagg, who celebrated his 96th birthday on Aug. 16. It was extraordinary enough that Stagg, who was born seven years before college football (Princeton-Rutgers, 1869), had lived so long and punctuated his life with a series of brilliant firsts in several sports. But more remarkable yet was the state of his mind and body after almost a century of enormous activity.

Like a Youngster of 70. Despite a normal number of illnesses, and a back sprain that has caused discomfort off and on for more than half a century, Stagg is well enough preserved, both mentally and physically, to function as effectively as many a man 25 years his junior.

With millions in the U.S. heading for ages of fourscore years and more, Stagg's age and continuing activity pose a vital question for modern medicine: What is the secret of living healthily, happily and usefully in old age? How has Stagg done it? In fields unrelated to physical fitness, how has the same goal been achieved by other productive oldsters, such as ex-President Herbert Hoover (84), Senator Theodore Francis Green (91), and Manhattan Lawyer Charles C. Burlingham (100)?

The problems of old age have been be-

clouded by misconceptions since ancient times. The psalmist who hymned "The days of our years are threescore years and ten" knew nothing of modern vital statistics; the average life expectancy of an Israelite baby in David's kingdom was probably no more than 30 years. Not until the individual had weathered all the hazards of gestation, birth, childhood illnesses, diseases such as tuberculosis and pneumonia could he expect to reach threescore and ten.

According to the semilegendary Hippocrates, father of Western medicine, writing 600 years after David, the oldest's lot was not a happy one: "Old men



Jon Brønne

PLAYERS & COACH

Seven years older than college football,

suffer from difficulty of breathing, catarrh accompanied by coughing, difficult micturition, pains at the joints, kidney disease, dizziness, apoplexy, cachexia [wasting], pruritus [itching] of the whole body, sleeplessness, watery discharges from bowels, eyes and nostrils, dullness of sight, cataract, hardness of hearing."

With the addition of such refinements as arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries) and hypertension (high blood pressure), medicine remained in general agreement with Hippocrates until this century. The disorders so often seen in the elderly and aging were dubbed "degenerative," or "the diseases of old age," with the emphasis on "of," as though they were inseparable. The very word senile, from a Latin root meaning simply "old," took on a derogatory hue, and a doddering oldster was redundantly tagged "a senile old man."

Exceptions to the Rule. But every age produced a few men who were still great in old age. Plato, who overlapped

Hippocrates, retained his faculties until the end, died (according to Cicero) with "pen in hand" at 80. Michelangelo worked hard as chief architect of St. Peter's Basilica up to his death at 89. Titian, whose birth date is in some doubt, was about 94 when he painted his great *Battle of Lepanto*, was between 66 and 99 and working on the *Pietà* at his death. Isaac Walton completed revising *The Compleat Angler* at 83. John Wesley was preaching regularly at 88. Benjamin Franklin was a power in the Constitutional Convention at 81, served as president of Pennsylvania to 82. Noah Webster did a new edition of his dictionary at 82, was busy on yet another when he died at 84. Verdi was nudging fourscore when he composed *Otello* and *Falstaff*, had passed the mark when he wrote his most diapausal sacred scores, a *Stabat Mater* and a *Te Deum*.

But in the minds of both medical men and laymen, these productive old men could only be exceptions who proved the rule. Shakespeare reflected the widespread feeling of a hundred generations when he called old age "second childishness, and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

No Monkey Glands. Today's medicine, having taken up the challenge of infectious diseases (the greatest killers of the young down the ages) and conquered most of them, comes now to the challenge of the processes called "chronic diseases"—a term with an unfortunate implication of hopelessness. Today's medicine men neither seek nor expect miracles. They put no stock in parthenotherapy, such as David tried when he took the young Shunammite woman to his bed—though the idea won medical-intellectual backing in the 18th century, is now suggested obliquely by Lolita and Humbert Humbert. Neither have they any use for rejuvenators such as the animal-testicle elixir developed by British Physiologist Brown-Séquard, the severing of the seminal vessels advocated around 1920 by the Austrian Steinach, or the monkey-gland transplants of the long-lived (1866-1951) Serge Voronoff.

Modern medicine has reversed the thinking of millenniums on the aging process and the aged. It holds that while aging is inevitable, many of the distressing changes so often seen with it can be palliated, minimized or actually averted. For this reason, Dr. Frederic Zeman, head physician at Manhattan's Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews, insists on a semantic distinction, doggedly calls these changes "diseases in old age," not "of old age."

Threefold Increase. Along with the development of biochemistry, medicine has sparked the speedup of a new science, gerontology. Properly the study of aging in all living things, and involving social as well as medical sciences, it has focused most sharply on the aging human since 1903, when Elie Metchnikoff suggested in *The Nature of Man* that "this science may be called gerontology" (from the Greek *geron*, an old man). In 1909 Internist Ignatz L. Nascher coined the word

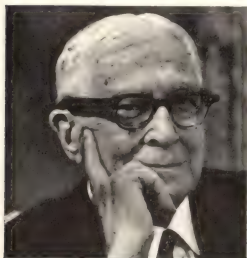
A GALLERY OF FAMED U.S. ELDERS

by Alfred Eisenstaedt



JAMES HOLLISTER, 87, rises at 5 a.m. to run his 36,500-acre California spread of cattle ranches and

orchards, fixes his own breakfast and supper, packs lunches for day-long auto rides around properties.



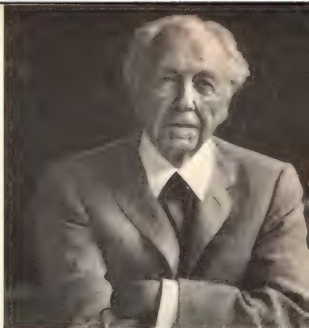
BERNARD M. BARUCH, 88, financier, onetime amateur boxer, says: "I live the same life as always—the only difference is that I go fewer and shorter rounds."

SEBASTIAN S. KRESGE, 91, and still active as board chairman of famed 5 and 10¢ store chain, credits longevity to moderate living and heredity: mother was 103, grandmother 101.

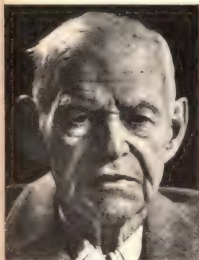




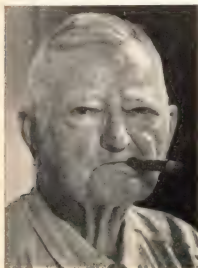
JOSEPH R. KNOWLAND, 85, publisher (Oakland Tribune), advises: "Keep busy." Ex-legislator, he is father of U.S. Senator.



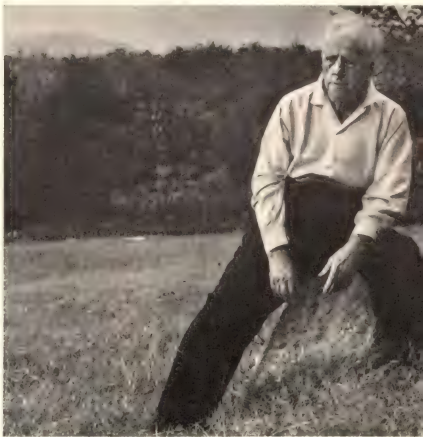
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, 89, works 12-hour day running fellowship for aspiring architects, dances and swims, says: "The more I abused my physical resources, the more I had."



SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, 87, has his new novel *Tendertoin* (already bought for a musical) due in spring, loves parties, martinis and juleps.

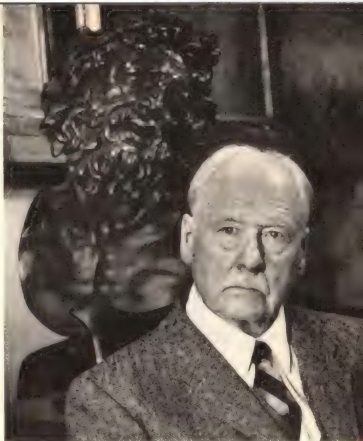


JOHN NANCE GARNER, 89, Vice President (1933-41), feeds his fowl, smokes Mexican cigars, devours the *Congressional Record*.





ROGER BABSON, 83, statistician. After TB in his 60s, he had an appendectomy at 70, recommends: "Eat fresh air and store up sleep."



WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING, 85, philosopher, works hard despite 1957 heart attack, may split

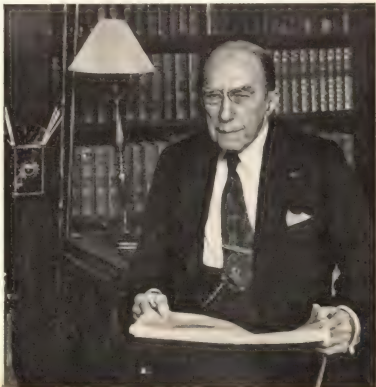
fewer metaphysical and theological hairs but defies his doctors and splits wood for exercise.



ROBERT FROST, 84, poet. A late riser (9 to 10), he is active outdoors (gardening, walking), works late every night.

THEODORE FRANCIS GREEN, 91, oldest Senator in U.S. history, is early to rise, late to bed. He has three

swims weekly in Senate gym, never rides if he has time to walk, still plays handball, played tennis up to age 88.





BRUNO WALTER, 82, conductor, slowed by a heart attack, will give only one concert this season but will make a dozen recordings.



ROSCOE POUND, 87, lawyer and educator, an early (6:30) riser, puts in a 5½-day week writing and coun-

seling Harvard students, says: "What counts is a steady schedule—get to work and quit at regular times."



ARTHUR VINING DAVIS, 91, Alcoa's board chairman until last year, is using \$400 million fortune to make more—in Florida realty.

RUFUS VON KLEINSMID, 83, chancellor (for life) of U.S.C., goes to so many public banquets that "nobody eats for more good causes."

geriatrics (from *geras*, old age, and *iatreia*, cure) for the medical care of the old. Geriatrics has grown as a subspecialty of internal medicine, but is not yet recognized as a fully distinct specialty—and many geriatricians think it never should be.

U.S. census figures provide wholesale proof of a mushrooming demand for knowledge in gerontology and for the services of geriatricians. In 1900 the life expectancy of a U.S. male at birth was 49 years, and there were only 374,000 Americans aged 80 and over—one in 200 population. Now it is estimated that there are nearly 2,300,000, or almost three in 200 population; nearly 1,300,000 are women, slightly fewer than 1,000,000 are men. Projecting present trends in death rates, the National Office of Vital Statistics predicts that by 1980 there will be 4,600,000 octogenarians, and by the year 2,000, about 7,400,000.

Though today's newborn U.S. baby (averaging the rates for white males and females) has a life expectancy of 70 years—a 43% increase since 1900—the remaining life expectancy of those who have already reached 70 has increased but little in the same period—from 9.3 to 11.2 years. This is because most of the life-saving achievements in medicine and public health have been concentrated in the younger age brackets, from the first few weeks of life through adolescence. The middle-aged have benefited mainly from the decline in deaths from tuberculosis and pneumonia.

The Spartan Stuff. To prepare for the oldsters whose sheer numbers will revolutionize not only the practice of medicine but also the world's social, political and economic structure, gerontologists turn both to their test tubes and to individuals like Amos Alonzo Stagg. From him and the men on nearby rungs of time's ladder they hope to learn what are the common denominators in longevity—and, more especially, in useful longevity. For they subscribe to the motto: "Not just to add years to life, but to add life to years."

Nonagenarian Stagg's life, though far from typical, may contain clues, for the observant gerontologist, to the secret of a long and useful existence. The first factor in Stagg's favor—though not to the same degree as in the case of some of his near peers—is heredity. Stagg's father, a cobbler who lived in West Orange, N.J., lived to be 73, his mother 79.

When Amos Alonzo, fifth of eight children, arrived in 1863 (while Stonewall Jackson was busy at Manassas), the family was so poor that every penny counted.

From earliest childhood, Stagg recalls, "we used to give one or two cents as our church contribution." Food was plain but plentiful: home-grown vegetables dominated the table, eked out with home-fattened hogs (whose bladders "Lon" used for "pigskins" and ball tossing). Lon swam and skated, got into one-hand and three-hand baseball.

By the time he began to work his way through Orange High School, Stagg was already a zealot about exercise—he ran the

mile between home and school both ways. But he insists now: "It wasn't organized athletics—most of my exercise came from hard work, and I had plenty of that." He got much of it in the form of odd jobs, for as much as 25¢ an hour (a princely sum for a boy during the presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes), plus helping his father to mow and cradle hay in the summer.

During high school days Stagg read about the youths of Sparta—"particularly the boy who hid a fox in his shirt and never batted an eye when the animal bit into his vitals. That book put Spartan stuff in me." For lack of foxes, Stagg decided that he had to deny himself, to give up something that he cherished. The something was coffee. He has never tasted



Associated Press

HISTORIAN HOOVER
Stress can be survived.

it since. It was at this time, too—and Stagg remembers the date: May 23, 1877—that this son of a devout Presbyterian family formally joined the church and decided to be a minister. "I became a Christian, and that made all the difference to me." From that moment he resolved to face life on his own resources, physical and financial as well as spiritual.

Subdivided Gum. Stagg was revolted by the drunkenness that he saw among his friends' parents in West Orange. "There wasn't one of my playmates who had a show in life, because their fathers drank every week," he says. So Stagg never drank. And beyond a couple of corn silks as a kid, he has never smoked. The one chink in Stagg's Spartan do-without-it armor is candy. He has always kept sourballs or similar hard candies on his dining table, has also allowed himself the smallest of indulgences in the smallest of ways: he cuts a stick of gum into three or four smidgens, chews one minuscule fragment at a time.

Lon Stagg was 21 before he got to Phillips Exeter Academy to train for

college, lived Spartanly for a while on soda crackers while he pitched the baseball team to victory. Then he saw his first real football game (Yale 6, Princeton 0). Dartmouth College offered him a baseball berth, but it had no divinity school, Yale had one, so it was to Yale that Stagg went, aged 22, with \$32 to his name. He always ran from job to class to garret—largely because he had no overcoat to keep out New Haven's raw, dank cold. He kept up this habit of running wherever he was going until 1957, when, at 94, he fell and skinned his nose. Said he last week: "I may get back to it."

At Yale, Stagg tried to live on 20¢ a day (10¢ for lunch, his main meal), soon wound up on sick call. The diagnosis: malnutrition. Reluctantly the young athlete conceded that he needed more than soda crackers and an occasional bowl of soup. He pitched the Yale baseball team to a record five championships. He played end for two years, making Walter Camp's first All-America squad in 1880. It was for the Elis that he invented the head slide in baseball and the tackling dummy in football.

By 1892 Stagg was installed as the University of Chicago's football coach. It was not that he had turned his back on the ministry. Rather he had decided that he could best influence the nation's youth by setting them an example on the football field. And it was a stern example that he set, for a record-breaking 41 years at this first school (he won 254 games, lost 104, tied 28). No member of the squad was allowed to smoke or drink or be out after 10 p.m. To violate any of these rules was to break training—and be left off the team, no matter how valuable the delinquent player might be.

Coach of the Year. Chicago ungratefully retired Stagg in 1933. At 71 he blandly declared that he knew too much to be inactive, went to Stockton's College of the Pacific. His 1943 team there won him election as coach of the year and football's man of the year. Not bad for an 81-year-old. But Pacific in its turn retired him: so Lon Stagg joined his son Alonzo as co-coach at Pennsylvania's tiny Susquehanna University. Their 1951 season was the college's first ever with no loss, no tie. In 1953 Stagg became, as he remains, punting and kicking coach for Stockton's Mustangs.

Today Stagg and Stella, his wife of 64 years, live in frugal simplicity on the college side of Stockton. The living room is cluttered with the parchments, trophies and blackening baseballs of Stagg's long career. Stagg is obviously old and somewhat infirm: he suffers from Parkinsonism, which gives his hands a tremor—what doctors call a "pill-rolling motion." His left eye is half closed, following a minor operation. Yet he is incredibly hale. He recalls nothing of childhood diseases. Soon after he was married he had a bout with typhoid—a disease that few modern U.S. doctors ever see, though many oldsters now living had it in the days before water supplies were adequately protected.

In 1904, when he was carrying his five-



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year-old son Alonzo to the gym. Stagg tried to leap a broad puddle. "In a desperate effort to recover my balance, I threw some bones in my lower back out of place." Stagg blames the incident for recurrent back trouble ever since. Doctors are not so sure. They grant that he has had sciatica—intense nerve pain running down the back of the thigh—off and on ever since. There were times at Chicago when it was so bad that he had to coast from a motorcycle sidecar or get around in an electric cart.

For all this, Stagg remains an active practitioner of the cult of physical fitness. He goes through a routine of bending and stretching exercises on awakening. He does pushaways, knee bends and chinning on an old fig tree in his yard, jogs around a small course that he has laid out from fig to apricot to pear-tree stump (about 100 yards at a time). He cuts his lawn with a hand mower, takes his own leaves. His blood pressure is 135 over 90. The systolic reading is low for any man over 65; the diastolic is near the upper limit of normal—except that there are so few records of men in their 90s that normal is ill-defined. His pulse is a low 64, as it has been for years. (In highly trained athletes it tends to run below the 72 that is considered normal for the general run of sedentary humanity.) His weight, 150 lbs. spread over a frame that now seems to have shrunk to about 5 ft. 6 in., has not changed in threescore years.

First of Everything. Across the U.S. there are scores or hundreds of men (and a few women) who "by reason of strength" have passed the fourscore mark under full productive steam, but their formulas for useful longevity differ widely in many cases from Stagg's. They are alike in that they have lived through the dizziest technological changes in man's history, and must have taken these developments in stride. To a child born 80 years ago, the transcontinental railroad, only nine years old, was a new thing. Electric power did not become publicly available until he was a year old. He was 17 before Marconi sent his first wireless signals, and he was 25 when the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk.

Among the wise old men who differ from Stagg on nearly all life's key issues are, aptly, two who have amassed huge fortunes from the auto industry—which, say some alarmists, is ruining the nation's health by eliminating the normal healthy exercise of walking. Appropriately, Directors Alfred P. Sloan Jr., 83, and Charles F. Kettering, 82, of General Motors, both proudly proclaim that they have never taken a lick of exercise in their lives. On level ground, the farthest they walk is from office or apartment door to car or from car to plane. Up and down, "Boss" Kettering gets a fair amount of walking because he is too impatient to wait for elevators, walks up two floors and down three in offices and labs.

Sloan and Kettering are like Stagg in that neither has ever smoked, but not for his reason: they simply never got the habit. Boss Ket has a highball before dinner

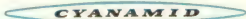


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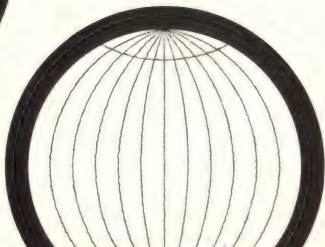
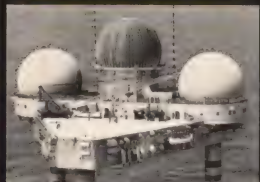
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recognized as having become outstanding in data processing for business and science as well as for defense."

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every night; Sloan toys politely with a drink in company, barely sips it. Where Stagg still lives on a fanatically sparse diet, Sloan and Kettering boast that they have no food fads, eat in moderation whatever is put before them.

The drives that dominate Sloan and Kettering are essentially different from Stagg's. Neither automan has ever been interested in reforming the world in conventional do-gooder style. Both have displayed a knack (which indicates at least a strong unconscious urge) for money-making, whereas Stagg, though usually underpaid, has turned down fortunes offered by Hollywood. Yet both Sloan and Kettering have turned, in advanced years, to philanthropy of a highly practical sort: the two are forever commemorated in Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute, research arm of Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases (TIME, June 27, 1949). Individually, each has set up a namesake foundation to advance the education and careers of promising young scientists. Sloan and Kettering are alike in enjoying superb physical health—better than Stagg's when he was their age.

Dedication & Stress. Evidently stress by itself need not be a killer, for there is plenty of it for a coach in Big Ten football. Certainly no man in big business has faced much severer stress than did Sloan as G.M.'s chief executive officer in the era of big unions, big strikes and the biggest war.

But one who can justly claim that no man was ever under heavier or more cruel stress and survived it in good mental and physical health is Herbert Hoover, 84. One of only five U.S. Presidents to have reached fourscore, and the first in 100 years,* Hoover endured not only the emotional torment of a presidency that spanned most of the Depression, but two decades of obloquy in which his name was equated with economic disaster and social injustice. A poor boy who, like Stagg, got his early exercise involuntarily, and a self-made millionaire like Sloan and Kettering, Herbert Hoover has long since dropped the daily gym exercises that won him fame as head of the "medicine-ball Cabinet." Still, his energy seems almost unlimited. He rises early, usually around 6:30, is at his desk in his Waldorf-Astoria office by 9:30 a.m., directing a platoon of secretaries and research assistants, writing manuscripts (most notably and recently, *The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson*) in longhand. Though he naps for an hour or two after lunch, Hoover is far from having slowed his overall pace: he works seven days a week. Almost every night he has guests for dinner, which is preceded by two martinis (the only time he drinks), and he follows the meal with canasta, at which he is a whiz.

Spiritual dedication, though clearly not essential, appears to be a life-prolonging factor in many cases. Outstanding among long-lived divines is the Rev. Dr. Arthur

Judson Brown, 101, longtime secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, who was active until close to the century mark. And at that milestone, he was forward-looking enough to say: "I do not sympathize with the common lament that young people today are not what they used to be. Thank God they are not!"

And never in the 1,900-year history of the papacy has there been a clearer example of the life-giving powers of devotion to piety and duty (though there were longer-lived Popes) than Pius XII. Though he had been severely ill several times, and was eventually found to have a hiatus hernia (TIME, Dec. 27, 1954), he functioned with full efficiency well beyond his 80th birthday and until the strokes that swiftly killed him (see RELIGION).

Two men who have done much to help their fellows live longer useful lives are physicians who now share the benefits, Boston's Dr. Elliott Proctor Joslin, 91, top authority on diabetes, still examines patients six days a week at the famed Joslin Clinic, gets a big extra dividend from continuing practice because no other man has studied diabetes, or the same patients, for so long. Retired in Florida after 57 years of practice, Dr. Charles Ward Crampton, 81, still keeps his hand in as a consultant to the Geriatric Institute at the University of Miami's School of Medicine and its associated Jackson Memorial Hospital. Says Dr. Crampton sagely: "If a man has sense enough to realize that in many different ways he is not what he was ten years ago, and acts accordingly, he is 'way ahead of the game. Know your limitations—adapt yourself to them—and enjoy your privileges to the utmost." For such an old man, Dr. Crampton has coined the word "eugeron"—which well describes him.

Immortal Amoeba. Gerontology has confirmed that some of age's limitations are imposed by nature herself. One-celled organisms such as the amoeba, because they reproduce by forever growing and dividing, are the only true immortals. Man, like all other multicelled organisms in both animal and vegetable kingdoms, is doomed to aging changes and ultimate death. But the rate and nature of these changes are far from constant. There are wide variations even among animals of a single species in a state of nature, and naturally they are vastly wider among human beings, living under infinitely more varied conditions, not only social but physical, economic, nutritional and medical. In this fact lies one of the gerontologists' chief hopes: to discover why some men are biologically old at 60, while others like Stagg are still young at a far more advanced chronological age—then to apply this knowledge to slow down what now appears to be premature aging.

With the flight of time, some tissues become drier and infiltrated with fat. Blood vessels harden (arteriosclerosis). Muscles weaken. Bones grow brittle. Eyes and ears gradually fail, from a number of complex, minute structural changes. Ironically, the teeth—such as are left of them—become more resistant to decay in later



PHILANTHROPIST SLOAN



PHYSICIAN JOSLIN



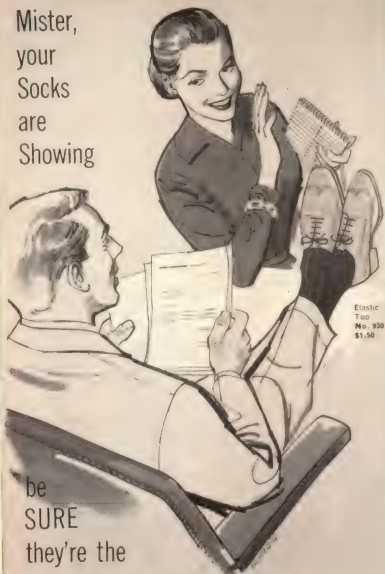
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life. On empirical evidence, Shakespeare anticipated microanatomy when he said that the oldster is "sans taste," for the average number of taste buds is 208 during the prime of life, but only 88 after the age of 75.

The layman's idea that because an automobile tire or piston wears out, so eventually must human organs, is only half true. In the youthful, still growing organism, cells divide rapidly, and all the components of the body (except nerve cells) are not only quickly added to, but also constantly replaced at the most intimate molecular level. This process does not stop with maturity; it goes on until death. But there is evidence that the rate of cell and tissue replacement slows down,



Jon Branneis

STAGG & WIFE

The same weight for threescore years.

until—perhaps at different times in different tissues—it is markedly less than the rate of natural death and destruction. Then the organism, whether mouse (aged two) or man (aged 60 to 80, under favorable conditions), is going downhill.

What causes the slowdown in replacement? Gerontologists cannot be sure, but their highest-powered laboratory techniques are now concentrated on enzymes, those little-understood "organic catalysts" that regulate all the functions of metabolism—both breakdown (catabolism) and buildup (anabolism). With age, a digestive change definitely involving an enzyme occurs in the salivary glands: they secrete less ptyalin, an enzyme that converts starch into sugars. Researchers believe that there may be many such changes.

The cliché that became fashionable early in the 20th century—"A man is as old as his arteries"—may have to be revised to "A man is as old as his enzymes." Then, as researchers unravel the mysteries of enzyme chemistry, enzyme supplements for mature men and women may adorn the breakfast table, instead of the currently popular but cruder vitamins.

Bismarck's Dictat. Until that day comes, society as a whole and millions of individuals and their families will be faced

At Leading Stores Everywhere 74

TIME, OCTOBER 20, 1958

"It takes both discipline and family security to win against delinquency!"

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with problems of aging at a grosser, more practical level. The trouble may begin at 65, when (thanks to a chance decision by Bismarck in the 1880s) most pension plans and many compulsory retirement plans begin to operate. For business, this cutoff point may be sound up to a point. Says G.M.'s Sloan, who kept administrative control until he was 71: "The rule is probably sound, because, while some men can stay in administrative posts beyond 65, most may not be aggressive and vigorous enough to do so. But many of these same men can then be useful in policy-making positions, where their accumulated experience counts." Sloan concedes that not all businesses have enough work at the policy level to absorb these men. For them, he advocates public service—not necessarily in politics, but in social and community efforts. There is, he insists, plenty of useful work that a man can begin at age 65 or even later.

But with the age 65 rule still operating blindly in most areas of the U.S. economy, practically every family can tell of a kinsman who was forcibly retired, then simply shriveled and died within months because he could find no useful niche for himself. To avert this, several big corporations now subsidize counseling services that may become available at any age after a man has qualified for a vested interest (usually after at least twelve years' employment) in its pension plan. Some companies actively urge employees to invoke this service at 55, then again perhaps at 60, and certainly at 64, to make sure that their plans for growing old usefully as well as gracefully are made well in advance.

Plan Ahead. The one common denominator that sociologists, psychiatrists, gerontologists and geriatricians see in all the actively productive oldsters of this or any other time in history is a keen continuing interest in some activity, which carries with it a revitalizing sense of participation in life. This may be, in Sloan fashion, a continuation of earlier activity, but with a switch from administration to policy, or a new career in public service. It may be that a former avocation can be turned into a vocation. But "make-work" hobbies will not do. The oldster, like the human being of any age, must feel that what he is doing is useful, needed and appreciated. If his former hobby can be thus adapted, so much the better; e.g., an amateur part-time birdwatcher might make a contribution to science as a semiretired professional ornithologist.

But the aging citizen must plan ahead. He must stop feeling guilty over the fact that oldsters are alleged to complain too much about their illnesses. (Geriatricians argue that the aged, because they are less responsive to pain, are apt to complain too little, so that dangerous conditions go undetected until they are irreparable.) He must take advantage of the limited but growing knowledge that geriatrics has amassed. Dr. Zeman likes to quote Sir James Crichton-Browne (who lived to be 97): "There is no short cut to longevity. To achieve it is the work of a lifetime."



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Right now, the dam you see here exists only in the minds of its builders. Spanning a sun-baked canyon in New Mexico, it will create a lake 37 miles long . . . enough water to irrigate many thousands of thirsty acres. But towering Navajo Dam, one of the world's largest earth-fill structures, will take four more years to complete. Sponsoring contractor is world-

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CINEMA

New Picture

Pather Panchali (Edward Harrison). One day in 1952, a 31-year-old commercial artist in Calcutta went down to the pawnshop with his wife's jewels. Then he rented an ancient Wall camera, and on the first fine Sunday after that, he rounded up a few actor friends, piled them into a taxi, and headed upcountry to a picturesque village he knew. There and thereabouts, heedless of the fact that he had never shot a foot of film in his life, Satyajit Ray (pronounced Sawt-yaw-jit Rye) plugged away at his movie project whenever he had a day off from his paying job. After about a year and a half of Sunday shooting, he persuaded the West Bengali provincial government to finance the production as a sort of animated travel poster. A

17). But when *Pather Panchali* opened recently in Manhattan's Fifth Avenue Cinema, it smashed the house attendance record set by *Gervaise*, and the distributor now reports that dozens of exhibitors are begging for prints.

Pather Panchali—English translation: *The Lament of the Path*—tells a tragedy of family life in a small village. The family—every member of which is unforgettably portrayed in the most natural style imaginable—is Brahman. The father is a priest, a decent, impractical man, "bursting with ideas for plays and poems" that he never publishes, making what money he can as a rent collector. The mother is a sensible, hard-working homemaker, warm-hearted but hard pressed to make ends meet. It is difficult enough to keep the children, a schoolboy named Apu and a



FAMILY FACES FROM "PATHER"

A tragedy lived with energy, fullness and gentle humor.

year later *Pather Panchali* was in the can. But when the members of the provincial government saw the picture, they were badly shaken. They had put up the better part of the production cost (\$38,640) for a travelogue, and what was this peculiar thing they had got?

It happened to be a masterpiece. *Pather Panchali* is perhaps the finest piece of filmed folklore since Robert Flaherty's *Nanook of the North*. It is a pastoral poem dappled with the play of brilliant images and strong, dark feelings, a luminous revelation of Indian life in language that all the world can understand. In the three years since *Pather Panchali* was released, it has won five grand prizes at film festivals from Cannes to San Francisco. And everywhere discriminating moviegoers have plied the turnstiles in modest but impressive numbers—everywhere, that is, except in the U.S., where the film played only in San Francisco's Vogue Theater. For almost two years the managers of Manhattan's 36 art theaters disdainfully refused the screen space to "that sacred-cow opera, the kind of picture the critics love and the customers hate" (TIME, Feb.

teen-age girl named Durga, properly fed and clothed. As for the old aunt, as far as the mother is concerned it would be an unmixed blessing for everybody if she would drop dead.

The scenes of poverty and death that fill this film might be expected to make it a depressing one, but curiously they do not. For one thing, the radiant beauty of the picture continually lifts the spirit. With a grace reminiscent of the old Rajput painters, Moviemaker Ray arranges his visions of the natural world—the water flies that flicker on a pond, the lily pads that flap in a sudden gale, the rain that batters at a young girl's face—in frame after frame of temperate loveliness. Moreover, the family somehow transcends its tragedy by the very energy and fullness with which the tragedy is lived. The director has a sense of life far larger than the merely tragic. Moreover, he has humor. The picture bubbles over with gentle laughter at the absurd things people do and are, and the set pieces of comedy—a day at school, a band concert, a visit to the village theater—are just about as funny as organized humor can get.

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*Comparable savings from all U.S. cities

Time's Top Ten

- 1) Army (3-0)
- 2) Wisconsin (3-0)
- 3) Oklahoma (2-1)
- 4) Michigan State (2-0-1)
- 5) Ohio State (3-0)
- 6) Notre Dame (2-1)
- 7) Auburn (3-0)
- 8) College of the Pacific (3-0)
- 9) Pittsburgh (3-1)
- 10) Louisiana State (4-0)

Shakedown

With the college football season a third complete, national and regional pictures began shaking down:

¶ The game of the week was at South Bend, Ind., where Army used its famed "lonesome end" chiefly as a decoy to loosen Notre Dame defenses, sent Halfbacks Bob Anderson and Pete Dawkins slashing downfield in a 14-2 victory that established the Cadets as the class of the country.

¶ Texas struck a blow for the underdog by unhorsing mighty Oklahoma 15-14 on Bob Lackey's extra-point kick after Substitute Quarterback Vince Matthews mounted a fourth-quarter touchdown drive to tie the Sooners.

¶ In the South, a new challenger appeared for the Southeast Conference title when Louisiana State sprang Backs Billy Cannon and Red Brodnax loose on Miami in a 31-0 slaughter. Less impressive was Defending Champion Auburn, defensively superb but unimaginative on offense in a plodding 8-0 victory over Kentucky.

¶ Wisconsin's crunching defense dogged Purdue passers all day, cashed two pass interceptions and a blocked kick for scores in a 31-6 victory.

¶ On the West Coast, Halfback Dick Bass maintained his lead as the nation's

leading ground-gainer, averaged 11.3 yds. a carry for 135 yds. as little (enrollment: 1,670) College of the Pacific rolled over Brigham Young 26-8.

¶ Outgained in all departments, Navy made use of a rocklike defense to stop Michigan drives seven times, pull a 20-14 upset to label itself a slight threat to Army in the East. Cornell proved once more the folly of Ivy League teams competing outside their own bailiwick. The undefeated Big Red got mauled 35-0 by Syracuse in a game so lopsided that Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder had to send for an old set of jerseys to have enough to mercifully suit up his fifth-stringers.

Up Off the Floor

Before the saddened eyes of the loyal citizens of Milwaukee and several million television viewers, the Braves fell apart.

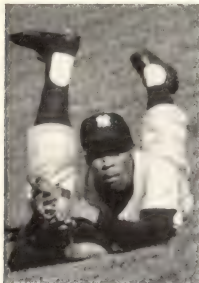
Milwaukee fans could spot the man and the moment when they began to have that sinking feeling. Man and moment came together in the fifth game, with the Braves basking in the 3-1 series lead. Switch-Hitter Red Schoendienst lined a drive toward left. Elston Howard took off with the crack of the bat, ran straight into the murderous glare that makes left field at Yankee Stadium the toughest sun field in the major leagues. Diving to his knees, Howard sprawled forward, stuck out his gloved hand, and came up with the ball that had looked like a sure base hit. Howard scrambled to his feet, gunned a strike to first base to double a surprised Bill Bruton, who had confidently rounded second before he recognized his mistake.

The Yankees, who had played like bushers in the first four games, came to life. In their half of the sixth, they zeroed in on Pitcher Lew Burdette just as if he had never beaten them three times running in



ARMY'S DAWKINS GAINS AGAINST NOTRE DAME
A "lonesome end" led the defense astray.

UPI



Associated Press
YANKEES' HOWARD MAKING CATCH
Milwaukee will never forget.

the 1957 series, piled up six runs in their first sustained scoring outburst of the series. Bullet Bob Turley, blasted out in the first inning at Milwaukee when he pushed his fast ball up to the plate too enticingly, produced a suddenly dipsy curve to baffle the Braves with a scrawny five hits and breeze to a 7-0 victory.

Back in Milwaukee, the gallant Warren Spahn, who had beaten the Yankees twice, tried to do it again after only two days' rest. For a while it looked as if he could bring it off. In the second inning Milwaukee led 2-1, and loaded the bases. But Howard was there again, this time to catch Johnny Logan's short fly, make a perfect peg home to throw out lumbering Andy Pafko by 15 ft. In the tenth inning the ubiquitous Howard singled and scored what proved to be the winning run as the Yankees licked Spahn 4-3.

In the last game the Braves were too jittery to cope. Burdette and First Baseman Frank Torre messed up two routine infield taps that gave the Yankees a pair of unearned runs in the early going. Catcher Del Crandall failed twice at bat with the bases loaded. It hardly mattered that he struck a solo homer to tie the game in the sixth; pesky Elston Howard promptly untied it with an eighth-inning single, and the Yankees were home, 6-2.

Not since 1925, when Pittsburgh did it to Washington, had a team come off the floor to win after losing three of the first four series games. Post-mortem accolades went to the Yankees' burly Turley, who had a hand in every one of the last three-in-a-row victories—winning one single-handed, getting the last out in another, saving the final game with a spectacular 6½ innings of two-hit relief pitching. Hard-bitten Rightfielder Hank Bauer led the Yankees at bat with a .323 average and four home runs. But the man Milwaukee will remember most vividly was a catcher-outfielder, Elston Gene Howard.



VIKING LINE

BAKE-FINISHED LIFETIME ALUMINUM ROOF AND SIDING... MAINTENANCE-FREE

Top building authorities predicted it... suddenly it's here!

Now, from National Homes research and development, comes the technological breakthrough that makes current home-building methods obsolete! It's exclusive, available only to National Homes franchised builder-dealers—available only in the revolutionary *Viking* line. Each house has been skillfully planned for completely new livability. Each is better built, more charmingly styled—in every price range—than any house on the market...

And the entire exterior, both roof and walls will be lastingly maintenance-free... fire-safe...

83

weather protected. It will look freshly painted... stay new... year after year after year!

The secret is a tough, new factory-built exterior of baked-finished lifetime aluminum that protects, beautifies every inch of the roof and siding.

This revolutionary construction saves exterior upkeep during the entire life of the house... saves the buyer more than \$4,000 in the first 20 years, enough to furnish the home or to send a child to college!

Yet the aluminum exterior adds nothing to initial

cost. *Viking* models can be sold profitably for as low as \$7,600 plus lot in some areas... sold easily in models to \$50,000. *Viking* construction has already been used to build a Howard Johnson Motor Court, an addition to the Edgelee Public School in Lafayette, Indiana, and a branch bank of the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society.

Viking homes are now being shown by invitation only and strictly by appointment to qualified builders. To schedule your showing, write James R. Price, Chairman, National Homes Corporation, Lafayette, Indiana.

(To qualified builders: Only National Homes offers financing for every phase of your operation—land procurement, site development and interim as well as final financing.)

ART



Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, Oliver Jones Collection

"FOG HORNS" (1929): FROM THE SOUND, A COO

Music of the Eye

*But Mr. Dove is much too keen
To let a single bird be seen;
To show the pigeons would not do
And so he simply paints the coo.*

Thus, in 1912, the *Chicago Tribune's* Bert Leston Taylor lampooned an extraordinary show by a 31-year-old painter. Except for its jeering tone, the jingle was an accurate enough statement of the creed of Painter Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946), who avowedly intended to paint such things as the sensation of the wind blowing on a hill, without necessarily showing either wind or hill. Chicago was as unconvinced by Dove's works as Manhattan had been a few weeks earlier. ("They were over the heads of the people," admitted pioneer Art Dealer-Photographer Alfred Stieglitz.) Broke but not discouraged, Dove borrowed the train fare back to New York.

How far he traveled on his lonely way is shown by the largest-ever collection of Dove's work now starting a cross-country tour at Manhattan's Whitney Museum, and a new book by Art Critic Frederick S. Wight (*Arthur G. Dove*; University of California; \$2). Together they go far to establish Dove's status as the U.S.'s first abstract painter and a pivotal figure in contemporary art.

Much as Maine Painter John Marin (another Stieglitz protégé) chose the sky as his province, Dove made the earth and sea his domain. To get closer to both, he moved out of Manhattan, where he had been a successful illustrator, and bought a farm in Westport, Conn., began raising chickens. When that venture failed, he tried his hand at being a lobsterman. Art, he decided, should not depend so much on natural forms as on substituting equivalent images for them. He was searching for a means of expression that would not depend on representation, that "should have order, size, intensity, spirit, nearer to the music of the eye."

At the age of 40, Dove left his wife and son, went to live on a scow on Manhattan's Harlem River. Finally he managed to scrape together enough money to buy an old 42-ft. yawl from his friend and benefactor, William S. Hart, oldtime cowboy star of the silent movies. With his second wife, he cruised Long Island Sound for the next eleven years. Wind, water and sand became the essence of some of Dove's best work. *Ferry Boat Wreck—Oyster Bay* (1931) catches the essence of a lurking hulk beneath the sound's green water and the fiery color of rusting iron; *Fog Horns* (1929) is an abstraction of sound any sailor becalmed in a fog would recognize.

Toward the end of his life, as he lay dying in an abandoned post office in Centerport, L.I. that he had bought as a studio-home, he watched the sea gulls flying past his window. "Their heaks," he wrote, "look like ivory thrown slowly through space." In words, it was the quality and response to nature Dove had spent all his life attempting to capture in paint.



PAINTER ARTHUR DOVE

FULLER FUTURE

FOR years R. (for Richard) Buckminster Fuller has been the gadfly, delight and despair of the technological world. Beginning with a design for a ten-story apartment house that he hoped would be dropped from a Zeppelin on the North Pole, he designed projects ranging from a house that was hung from a duralumin mast to bathrooms with no running water (only an air hose squirting 90% air, 10% water, no soap needed). Among his other Dymaxion ("dynamic" plus "maximum service") products have been a three-wheel, rear-engined automobile and a house that can be stowed away in an aluminum container. None of them ever went into mass production. Bucky got a reputation as a man of tomorrow for whom tomorrow never came.

Now, to the surprise of his many detractors, success has finally arrived for 63-year-old Bucky Fuller. His geodesic domes are popping up like mushrooms all over the surface of the globe. Essence of the geodesic dome is to frame a sphere (the greatest possible space with the least possible surface) with combinations of tetrahedrons ("the simplest finite system you can have"), making a lightweight, easily assembled structure of wide span and low cost.

Flying Domes. The U.S. Marine Corps tried geodesic domes made of paperboard, found them so light that a helicopter could lift them and fly them to advance bases, so cheap that they could be left behind if necessary when the troops moved on. (The Marine Corps nicknamed the disposable domes "Kleenex houses," called them "the first major basic improvement in mobile military shelters in the past 2,600 years.") The U.S. needed a trade fair building in Afghanistan that could be flown in by DC-4; Fuller provided one that could be assembled in 48 hours. Covered with polyester Fiberglas, geodesic domes proved just the thing for the DEW Line radomes. Says he, with the satisfaction of the man whose mousetrap has at last clicked: "The DEW Line radomes stretch from western Alaska to Baffin Island, and the Marine Corps has almost 1,000 domes in use, some in the Antarctic, North Pole, South Pole, I'm all around the world."

Emphatically not an architect ("If anything, I'm a research department for architecture"), Bucky Fuller launched his war with traditional technology when he was bounced out of Harvard (in 1917). Bucky's response was to develop his own brand of "synergetic and energetic geometry." By 1927 he was consoling himself for industry's indifference to his multiple schemes with the contention that it would take science 25 years to make his ideas feasible. He was about right. In 1952, after a quarter-century of living off lecture platforms, consultant fees and his friends, Fuller was approached by Ford



THEATER in Fort Worth was built on geodesic-dome principle laid down by Designer Fuller. It is 62½ ft. high, cost \$500,000. Dome proper took only 7½ days to set in place.

INTERIOR of Fort Worth theater-in-the-round is 145 ft. in diameter, seats 1,832 spectators for concerts, operas and musicals. Drum-shaped stage top hangs from aluminum ceiling.





ROUNDHOUSE, built by Union Tank Car Co. in Baton Rouge, La., is 384 ft. in diameter and world's largest free-span circular building. Dome, made of steel panels and tubes, cost

less than \$1,000,000 (under \$10 per sq. ft.), serves as tank car repair shop. Decorative dome-in-dome (right) surrounds control tower, rests on space used for offices and restaurant.

Motor Co. and asked to put up a dome to cover an exhibition rotunda in Dearborn. Visitors came, marveled, and soon the world was beating a path to Bucky's door.

Fuller delights in the discomfiture of his critics. When a geodesic radome was being tested at M.I.T., he chortles, "their statistics showed it wouldn't stand up in a 15 m.p.h. wind." Fact is, radomes have stood up to blasts of 210 m.p.h.

And Submarine Islands. The man who removed Fuller forever from the world of "doodleometry" and put him into big-time construction was Henry Kaiser. Two years ago, Kaiser spotted a student model



DESIGNER FULLER

Next: a dome for the moon.

of a geodesic dome, ordered one for his Hawaiian Village. Since then, Kaiser's sales department has sold six 145-ft. aluminum-covered domes, including one for a Fort Worth theater (see color). Equally enthusiastic, the Union Tank Car Co. this week is officially opening its mammoth-sized roundhouse in Baton Rouge, already has plans to erect another 384-ft.-diameter dome in Wood River, Ill.

Bucky Fuller is now shooting for the moon, where he hopes to erect "discontinuous compression-tension integrity structures," which might also serve as sky islands. Says he: "It's a cinch. They don't have to be dome-shaped. I could make them look like a dragon or a cuckoo bird, design an umbrella linear foldup that would make a tiny package." Bucky's other project: submarine islands. Predicts Fuller: "In our next half century a good deal of time will be spent along the bottom of the ocean, and when we go to the moon, they'll need me. I'm quite confident that I have the technique necessary. But I just know Washington won't come to me until they're in trouble."

Any day now, Bucky expects the telephone to ring.

NEW from Kodak

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Projector with BIG SOUND and PICTURE CAPACITY!



Here's a portable 16mm sound projector with plenty of power for use anywhere.

The new Kodak Pageant Projector, Model AV-255-S, has a 25-watt amplifier that delivers all the sound you need. Used with the matched, heavy-duty 11" x 6" oval speaker in baffled case, it's right for large rooms like lecture halls, laboratories, and libraries.

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No time out

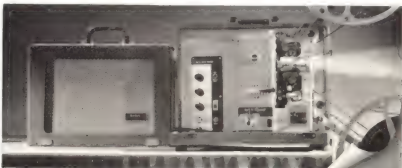
ALL Pageant projectors are *permanently* lubricated. This ends forever the biggest single need for maintenance. You never take time out for oiling—never keep records. Your Pageant is ready to go on with the show *whenever* you are.

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Airline management appreciate that the Vanguard's lowest-ever operating costs and its unrivaled profit potential (at least 33% higher than competitive jet-age airliners) will open the door to a new mass transportation market. Twenty Vanguard's each have been ordered by Trans-Canada Air Lines and British European Airways.

NEWEST FROM THE WORLD LEADER IN



THE NEW VICKERS VANGUARD

Operations managers hail the new jet-prop Vanguard because it fits into current traffic-control patterns and presents no special noise or runway problems. It can be operated from almost all major American airports. All this means outstanding operational flexibility and, on many routes, the fastest service.

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Engineers and flight crews like the reliability and performance of Rolls-Royce jet-prop engines which have been proved by the world's leading airlines. With over 100 Viscounts being operated or on order by more than 30 airlines world-wide, the Vickers/Rolls-Royce combination is the unquestioned leader in commercial jet-age experience.

JET-PROP AIRCRAFT... VICKERS OF ENGLAND

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Tremendous Surge

From Wall Street to Walla Walla, the tremendous surge of the U.S. economy was felt across the nation last week. Though the economy still ailed in spots, its recuperative force and obvious vitality showed up so strongly that even the optimistic were taken by surprise.

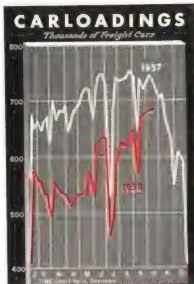
The most cheering news was a Commerce and Labor Departments report that unemployment dropped 588,000 in September to 4,111,000, the lowest point in the year and much bigger than the usual seasonal improvement. Said President Eisenhower: "This is a much larger decline than could be expected at this time of year, and reflects the accelerating rate of recovery in our economy, which began last April."

The extra push for employment was partly due to Detroit's early changeover for 1959 models, which not only raised auto payrolls but spurred better business in many related industries.

Glow of Furnaces. Steel was living up to the hopes steelmen held for it earlier in the year. Last week the American Iron and Steel Institute reported that production in September reached 65.8% of capacity, the highest of any month this year. By week's end, producers were running closer to 71%. The reason for the steel upsurge was simply that many firms had cut inventories so low that they were hustling to order before a shortage set in.

Jones & Laughlin, fourth largest producer, upped its output to 82% as a result of "a sharp increase in orders." As operations in the Youngstown, Ohio district rose to 64% of capacity, 50% the week before, hundreds of workers trooped back to work. Furnaces glowed again: U.S. Steel relit a blast furnace at its Youngstown works and two open hearths in Pittsburgh; Bethlehem Steel planned to relight four or five open hearths at its Lackawanna works near Buffalo.

New Highs. Steel earnings were also beginning to come back. Jones & Laughlin's President Avery Adams predicted third-quarter earnings will be 81¢ a share



v. 47¢ in the second quarter. Nicholas P. Veeder, president and chairman of Granite City Steel Co., which is operating at nearly 100% of capacity, estimated third-quarter earnings at just over \$1 a share for the best quarter in the last five. Said Veeder: "By the end of 1959, we expect to be up to the rated capacity of 1,584,000 tons yearly predicted for the end of our current expansion program."

Such news sent steel stocks soaring on the New York Exchange, helped lead the whole market by week's end to a new all-time high of 543.36 on the Dow-Jones industrial average. U.S. Steel rose 4½ during the week to 84½. Bethlehem 2½ to 51. Youngstown 6½ to 117. Also helping push the market up was a big play in the nonferrous metals market. Copper shares rose up to 9½ points for the week, partly on the strength of copper strikes in Canada, Northern Rhodesia and New Mexico. Zinc and aluminum stocks also rose. The feeling that the U.S. economy on the climb again would be a spur to world business helped push up stocks in Europe (see Business Abroad).

The new bounce in the economy made itself felt through the broad spectrum of U.S. life. Carloadings rose to new 1958 highs for the fourth week in a row just at the time when they have leveled off in previous years. Consumers picked up their buying, sent department-store sales for the week pushing 7% above last year. Even down on the farm, production was up. The Department of Agriculture reported that the U.S. will harvest a record crop (up 13% above last year), owing largely to more scientific farming and modern farm machinery as well as favorable weather. This was the only place where the economy's upsurge was not unalloyed good news: bigger crops mean more trouble for the already hard-pressed farm-support programs.

Debut of the Big Three

Into the nation's auto showrooms this week rolled the Big Three's lowest-priced cars for 1959. The emphasis was on a wide choice of new engines and economy features to balance higher selling prices.

The restyled Chevrolet led the way with a new six-cylinder engine that "gives up to 10% more mileage," also offered eight other engines ranging up to 115 h.p. Plymouth offered four engines from 132 h.p. to 305 h.p., had a new gas-saving carburetor and new rear-axle-gear ratio, which it said "contribute to 10% greater economy of operation." Ford came out with four engines ranging from 145 h.p. to 300 h.p., said its lowest-powered, six-cylinder model will get better than 30 miles per gal.

Studebaker-Packard last week showed the press its 175-in.-long economy Lark, which gets 22 to 30 miles per gal. Studebaker said the six-cylinder, 90-h.p. models will be priced "below \$2,000," but there will be higher-priced models with an optional V-8 180-h.p. engine. More than 25,000 orders have poured in to Studebaker, which produced only 44,056 cars during the '58 model year.

Ordering moved so briskly for American Motors' Rambler (72,566 firm orders from dealers v. 35,607 at the same time in 1957) that President George Romney



FORD FAIRLANE 500



CHEVROLET IMPALA SPORT COUPÉ

Demand was ahead, supply was short, haggling was worthwhile.

again boosted his sales predictions—from 252,000 to 300,000. He advertised the 100-in. wheel base Rambler American for a factory list price of \$1,835.

Dealers reported that demand for other models was racing far ahead of last year. But buyers found that a little haggling still goes a long way. Dealers were shaving about \$200 to \$300 off suggested list prices of most cars, with or without trade-ins. When pressed, dealers commonly offered discounts of \$500 to \$700 on cars listing at \$3,500 or more with extras. Only the Cadillac dealers refused to bargain, figured that their luxury market will run high and fast without discounts.

Dealers still had a tough time finding enough cars to sell. Local strikes idled General Motors workers. Most of Plymouth's production was shut down. Among the Big Three, only Ford rolled in full production. Chevrolet announced that it had enough dealer orders to produce full speed for 60 to 90 days. But strikebound Chevy had produced only 14,800 of the '59s for its 7,500 dealers.

Toughening Attitude

The toughening attitude of management in union bargaining, which showed up in the U.A.W.-automakers talks, was demonstrated again last week by General Electric. After seven weeks of bargaining with James Carey's International Union of Electrical Workers, G.E. walked out of the meetings vowing not to return.

The talks were a security-benefits opener of the five-year contract (to 1960), and the union wanted to discuss fringe benefits, including higher layoff pay. Instead, G.E. offered a new security-and-savings plan, based on a worker's earnings, to be financed by lowering automatic pay boosts. For every \$1 contributed by an employee (up to 6% of his earnings), G.E. offered to contribute 30¢, invest the money in G.E. stock or U.S. savings bonds. G.E. computed that a worker making \$5,000 per year would have as much as \$5,281 worth of bonds in his savings fund after ten years. The plan got nowhere with high-voltage Jim Carey, who last January called the recession an obvious union-busting plot. He charged that the plan is a scheme to drive up the price of G.E. stock, enriching top executives who "have secured stock free of charge as part of their profit sharing." Said G.E. Vice President Lemuel R. Boulware: "Carey is unable to distinguish between bargaining and giving in. Three years ago we gave in. Not now."

What strengthened G.E.'s hand was the fact that in three key G.E. locals (Lynn and Pittsfield, Mass.; Schenectady, N.Y.), representing more than a third of the union's dues-paying membership, Carey could not get a strike vote. Though more than 40 other locals backed Carey, he was clearly not sure just where he stood. At the I.U.E. convention last month, he got the union's strike-vote clause changed from a required two-thirds of membership to a simple majority. "I have the authority to strike," he said last week, "but not the backing I think I need."



NORTH CAROLINA'S GOVERNOR HODGES (CENTER) AT NEW ARMOUR PLANT AT CHARLOTTE. Also a bite on the banks.

INDUSTRY

How to Woo New Businesses

Many a state in the Union wanted to land the big new plant. It would cost \$25 million to \$35 million, employ 1,500, be the first in the U.S. to produce a Dacron-like fiber called Teron. This week the site was announced by its joint builders—Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries and the Celanese Corp. of America. Their choice was Shelby, N.C. One major reason for choosing North Carolina, said Celanese, was the "wholehearted cooperation" of Governor Luther Hartwell Hodges.

Energetic, engaging Luther Hodges, 60, ranks as the South's No. 1 salesman. He is constantly traveling (63,000 miles last year) and speechifying (150 last year) to

extol North Carolina's attractions for industry. Among them, as listed by Celanese: "An adequate supply of skilled and semiskilled personnel, attractive residential areas, an excellent public school system, a good network of state and county highways." The state also has a right-to-work law and the lowest rate of unionization in the nation (only 8.3% of North Carolina's nonfarm workers are organized). Since Hodges became Governor in 1954, industrial investments in North Carolina have almost doubled, this year will top \$225 million.

Business in Politics. Ex-Businessman Luther Hodges is a businessman's Gov-

ernor. Left, Charlotte Chamber of Commerce President Thomas L. Robinson; right, Armour South-eastern Vice President Bernard E. Hoover.

TIME CLOCK

HUGE MISSILE CONTRACTS go to Boeing, named over Convair and Douglas to be prime contractor for solid-fuel Minuteman system, with variable ranges from 500 to 5,500 miles (TIME, March 10). In next few years, Boeing will share in \$10 billion to \$12 billion worth of Minuteman business.

NEW CREDIT-CARD DEAL will allow holders of American Express cards to charge auto parts and service with Big Three dealers. Letters endorsing the plan were mailed by General Motors to 16,000 dealers, by Ford to 8,900 dealers, by Chrysler to 8,000 dealers.

SAHARA PIPELINE CONTRACT is expected to go to Bechtel Corp. of San Francisco, which is now negotiating with French. Pipe will start pumping in 1960, have top yearly capacity of almost 100 million bbl.,

carry oil 475 miles from rich Algerian fields near Edjéla (TIME, Aug. 5, 1957) to Mediterranean port of Gabes, Tunisia.

NEXT FTC TARGET will be phony bargains based on false markups. Commission has ordered intensified drive against merchants who claim "50% off" or "wholesale prices," unless sale item has been regularly sold at the higher price.

JET PLANE RESERVATIONS are booming. Pan Am, due to start daily jet flights to Paris Oct. 26, has booked about 3,300 jet passengers for winter season ending in March (225% more traffic than on its North Atlantic run a year ago). American, which plans New York-West Coast jet service beginning Jan. 11, already has 1,000 reservations. BOAC, with once-a-week flights to Europe, has 500 jet bookings.

BUYING ON THE CUFF

Credit Weathered the Recession Well

AS every schoolboy knows, it was wildly inflated credit that brought on the 1929 crash. When consumer credit rose to a record \$44.8 billion at the end of 1957, many an economist wondered uneasily whether history would repeat itself. Would credit, which had helped speed the postwar boom, bring on and accelerate an economic downturn? Now that the recession is waning, the answer is in. The credit structure not only surprised the experts but showed strengthening timbers that no one ever suspected it had.

As the recession picked up momentum in early '58, the fear was that installment buying would plummet and, with a wave of repossessions by finance companies, pull the economy down farther. Nothing like that occurred. Total U.S. consumer credit (including installment buying, charge accounts and personal loans) inched down to \$43 billion in July, only 4% below its December high; installment debt, the biggest hunk of the total, dropped only 2.7%. Thus, credit continued to be a big support under the economy.

The remarkable way in which the U.S. consumer kept up his credit payments despite the recession contributed to economic stability. With a record total of \$78.5 billion in savings accounts, he had a fat roll to draw on. With the resources at his command, plus unemployment compensation and other supplementary benefits, he kept up his credit payments while cutting back on new commitments. Says a Los Angeles banker: "The consumer is not as wild an individual as many thought. For the most part, he is serious about satisfying his obligations."

In areas hard hit by unemployment, repossessions (especially of autos) and delinquencies on installment payments naturally rose. But even they were not alarming. In Detroit, businessmen reported a "definite upsurge" in repossessions and mortgage foreclosures. In Worcester, Mass., where non-farm unemployment reached 10%, loan companies reported repossessions up from a normal .5% to nearly 2%. In Gary, Ind., dependent on steel, auto repossessions rose from five per 1,000 to 23.

But in most parts of the U.S., businessmen reported that repossessions during the recession were "insignificant." In the Midwest, says Vice President Keith Cone of Chicago's La Salle National Bank, "the rise in delinquencies and repossessions was just not alarming at all." By prodding the creditor to be more cautious in his lending and thus weeding out many a weak credit risk, the recession actually im-

proved collections in some places. Sanger Bros. Department Store in Dallas and one of San Francisco's biggest department stores reported that collections were better during the recession than before it. Said Emil J. Seliza, president of Chicago's Talman Federal Savings and Loan Association: "The line of delinquencies this year is no more than the last two years. Sometimes I almost pinched myself because it seemed too good to be true."

The thing that had the consumer pinching himself—and proved the real surprise of the recession—was the change in philosophy among creditors. In the '30s, a man who fell a month or two behind in payments lost what he had bought on time. But banks, finance companies and stores now realize that what is good for the consumer is also good for them. To avoid repossessions they go out of their way to rearrange terms, give the borrower a better break. Chicago's Talman Savings and Loan announced in June that people who had had loans for two years and lost their jobs could skip their payments for up to six months.

Paradoxically, one of the great worries about credit, the little or no down payment required for purchases, actually turned out in many cases to be to the advantage of both consumer and creditor. A man who had bought a car with no money down and 36 months to pay had so little equity in the car that he was apt to say "Come and get it" if pressed too hard to pay. Result: many a creditor carried his jobless customers to save himself the trouble and cost of repossession—and usually got his money when the customer's lot improved. Says the vice president of a Cleveland bank: "Our psychology is different from what it was in the 1930s. We haven't gotten panicky this time. If a man had a steady record and didn't go to Florida when he was laid off but came in and talked to us, we carried him until he got a job."

No one believes that the credit structure is earthquake proof. If the downturn had lasted six months longer, it might have shaken down many of the props that held up the credit structure. But the recession showed clearly that credit is not the great danger to the economy that many people thought it was. After six months of declining, consumer credit turned around in August as people switched to buying more than they paid off. In effect, many a consumer wisely used the recession to pay off debts—and now is in shape to step up buying again.

ernor who likes to say: "I'm one of the few Governors who didn't have any training in politics—except for my general understanding of public relations."

The eighth of nine children of a poor tenant tobacco farmer, Hodges started working as a twelve-year-old hand in Marshall Field & Co.'s Fieldcrest mill at Spray, N.C., worked his way through the University of North Carolina ('10), then went back to the Spray mill. He rose rapidly, became vice president of Marshall Field in 1943, and in 1950 he retired, at 52, to devote the rest of his life to public service. He served a year as industrial chief of the U.S. Economic Cooperation Administration in Germany. In 1952, unwanted and unsupported by the state's Democratic organization, Hodges ran for Lieutenant Governor, traveled 11,000 miles through the state, glad-handed so many voters that he won handily. Two years later Hodges moved up to Governor when Governor William Umstead died, and in 1956 he was easily re-elected.

Problems in Manufacturing. Few businessmen would want the kind of headaches that Hodges inherited as Governor. Though rich in scenery and resources, North Carolina is basically a maze of stamp-sized, undermechanized, undercapitalized farms. Its top crop is tobacco (more than half the U.S. output), which exhausts the soil, brings small profits to the farmer. North Carolina's manufacturing is largely in textiles, a low-wage, boom-or-bust industry. Among the states, North Carolina stood No. 4 in the number of farm residents (1.4 million). No. 48 in the average weekly earnings of manufacturing workers (\$47.88). It was clear to Hodges what North Carolina needed. "We had to get our farmers to diversify, to go into other businesses. But where were they to get the capital?"

To make small loans, Hodges' administration established a Business Development Corp. Hodges stumped the state, selling stock in the corporation at \$10 a share and raising \$1,000,000; he later got an \$8,000,000 line of credit from banks, insurance companies, savings and loan associations. To date, the corporation has lent about \$4,000,000 to 70 home-grown small businesses and industries in lumps from \$2,000 to \$300,000.

Even more important was the job of encouraging major industries to expand and recruiting new ones from outside. They had long been scared off by an outdated and complicated patchwork of tax laws. Hodges called for a major tax reform to help business. Though opponents howled that he wanted to hand businessmen a \$7,000,000-a-year tax windfall, Hodges got his bill passed in 1957. While it trimmed state revenues by \$2,000,000 the first year, it also brought in new companies. The day the tax bill passed, Allied-Kenecott Titanium Corp. announced a new \$40 million, 500-man plant for Wilmington. Fortnight later R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. (Camel, Winston, Salem) announced a \$35 million, 1,800-man plant at Winston-Salem.

Hodges scouted for plants that would



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huy and process North Carolina agricultural products. The deal that he made with Gerber Products was typical: if Gerber would come in, the state's agricultural extension service would send out agents to teach farmers how to grow the foods that Gerber wanted. Result: a Gerber plant is abuilding near Asheville, will buy \$10 million worth of North Carolina fruits and vegetables yearly. Furthermore, Swift & Co., following the opening of an Armour & Co. plant at Charlotte, in a few months will complete a \$17 million plant at Wilson, will spur the state's production of meat.

From almost nothing when Hodges became Governor, investment in electronics in North Carolina has grown beyond \$100 million. By next spring, electronics firms will employ 25,500, boost the state's payrolls by \$75.5 million a year.

Progress in Integration. There is another reason for North Carolina's popularity among Northern-based industries: it has kept integration troubles at a minimum. A strong Stevensonite in '52 and '56, Hodges is an avowed segregationist, but he has pledged that North Carolina will not defy any federal court rulings. The state legislature adopted legislation that provides for token integration now, more later; five schools in three cities now have a total of eleven Negro pupils.

But school integration may well be hastened by industrial integration. In Winston-Salem, Western Electric has hired Negro machinists. In Charlotte, Douglas Aircraft employs Negro engineers and draftsmen. In Greensboro, where Burlington Industries (textiles) recently took on a Negro chemist, a survey of 402 firms showed that 53 intend to hire strictly on the basis of merit, regardless of race; another 114 said they will hire on merit alone for some jobs. For the Deep South this represents progress. Said one industrialist: "No, I do not have an integrated plant. But check me in a year—the answer may be different then."

GOVERNMENT Speculation Defended

With Government bonds near record lows, bond speculators have been taking much of the blame from the Government for their part in the debacle. Last week one of the biggest Wall Street dealers in Government bonds hit back with some plain talk about speculation and Government bond policies. The U.S. Treasury, said Aubrey G. Lanston, president of Aubrey G. Lanston Inc., not only encouraged speculators to come into the market by tailoring its offerings to attract them, but would have been unable to sell \$26.5 billion of recent middle and long-term securities without "a good dose of speculation."

The theory behind the big Treasury refunding launched last January, said Lanston, "was that it should be set up to appeal to the rife speculation existing throughout the country that interest rates were bound to move lower." To attract speculators and investors, the Treasury issued a 3½%

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I THOUGHT flying an airplane took nerves of steel. "Not in my Cessna," said Bill, my flying instructor. "You'll probably solo after 7 or 8 hours at the wheel." I was doubtful.

1ST HOUR: We took off, Bill let me try level flight. He said, "Just keep the wing tips and nose lined up with the horizon." I also made some turns.

2ND HOUR: Practiced coordination and climbing turns. Tried a few stalls. "Relax," Bill said, "a Cessna practically flies itself."

3RD HOUR: Began learning S turns and stalls. Asked: "What if the engine quits?" Bill said: "One's never cut out on me yet. Of course, don't let it run out of gas."

4TH HOUR: My first take-off and landing! Almost as easy as driving up and down a hill. That's because of the plane's special kind of landing gear. It's called Land-O-Matic.

5TH HOUR: Asked: "What if I do run out of gas?" Bill explained how the extra-large flaps on a Cessna would let me descend twice as slowly as a man with an open parachute.

6TH HOUR: Practiced turns. Leaned back and enjoyed the view out of the extra-large windows and windshield.

7TH HOUR: Concentrated on take-offs, landings. Discovered that the unusual "high-lift" feature of Cessna's flaps can literally jump the plane off the ground. Good for short fields.

8TH HOUR: "Ready?" Bill asked. I nodded. And—I soloed! I bought a Cessna, too. (Model 150: \$6995 f.a.f. Wichita.) Why don't you? See all 7 models at your Cessna dealer's. Or write Cessna Aircraft Company, Dept. WT-1, Wichita, Kansas.



longterm bond at par when the market yield on Government bonds was only 3½%. "This was equivalent to undercutting the market price by five whole points. Surely, the speculators weren't supposed to stand idly by."

If they had, says Lanston, the Treasury issue could not have been successful, since neither banks, institutions, nor individuals had enough cash surplus to invest in Government bonds. While some speculation may have been excessive, says Lanston, the excesses tend to be self-correcting. "I am sure that a number of speculators will not want to try again soon. Their losses were too severe."

Criticizing Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson's recent appeal to non-bank institutions to check inflation by buying Government bonds, Lanston blamed the market collapse on heavy Government deficits. "Our non-bank financial institutions could not possibly absorb more than a small increment of the annual increase in federal spending. Our non-bank institutions could not save the Government from its folly—if they wanted to."

Tighter Tariff Rules

For the first time in modern U.S. history, a federal court last week restricted the President's powers to adjust tariffs. The three-judge U.S. Customs Court in New York ruled 3 to 1 that the President cannot alter the recommendations of the U.S. Tariff Commission under the "escape clause" of the Trade Agreements Act, which permits the President to adjust tariffs or impose quotas to help U.S. industries that can prove they are being damaged by imports.

The ruling was handed down in the case of bicycle tariffs. In March 1955 the Tariff Commission recommended an increase in duties on large-wheel, lightweight bicycles from 7½% of value to 22½% of value. The President boosted duties to only 11½% of value. He erred, ruled the court: "If the President does not accept the findings of the commission, he should reject them, not compromise them."

The decision would invalidate the President's approval of tariff boosts for spring clothespins and clover seed—both milder increases than those suggested by the Tariff Commission. It would also overturn the imposition of import quotas on lead and zinc (TIME, Oct. 6).

The U.S. is expected to appeal the ruling. If it stands, it will cost the U.S. millions in refunds to importers. More important, it may well put added pressure on the President to approve the often-high Tariff Commission recommendations rather than give no relief at all.

PERSONNEL

Switches at Goodyear

The biggest U.S. rubber company and the world's biggest tiremaker last week had one of the biggest management shifts in its 60-year history. Into the post of chairman of Akron's Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. (1957 sales: \$1.4 billion) stepped Edwin Joel Thomas, 59, presi-



GOODYEAR'S DeYOUNG & THOMAS
What's good for P.W. is good for them.

dent (since 1940), chief executive (since 1956 and longtime protégé of Paul Weeks Litchfield, 83, who became honorary chairman of the board after 53 years with Goodyear. Up to president from executive vice president moved Russel DeYoung, 39, the third president in a row to be tapped from the production ranks.

Litchfield, one of the rubber industry's most indestructible leaders, picked Eddie Thomas out of an Akron high school in 1916, made him his personal assistant and trained the young mail carrier's son so thoroughly that in a few years he was delegating responsibilities to him. As Litchfield moved up to the presidency in 1926, Eddie Thomas also rose, became general superintendent of Goodyear in California and worked for Goodyear in England before becoming president at 41, the youngest ever chosen by a major rubber company. Together they groomed Russ DeYoung, son of a Rutherford, N.J., carpenter, for the presidency. Both Thomas and DeYoung brush off talk of any basic changes in Goodyear's policies. As devoted admirers of Litchfield, they say that the policies "P.W." used to make Goodyear great are good enough for them.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Optimism Unlimited

Wall Street's optimism was matched on the world's stock exchanges:

¶ The Tokyo exchange set two records in a week. The number of shares changing hands rose by 30% during the week and the closing average price of 225 stocks hit \$1.71, highest since the 1929-30 reformed in 1949. Reasons: Premier Kishi's recent election victory, a cut in the central bank rate to 7.67%, and Japan's third consecutive bumper rice crop.

¶ On London's Threadneedle Street, where stocks have bounced back 30% since the low point last February, indus-



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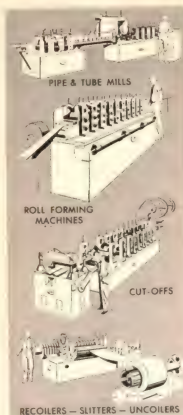
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trial prices rose to a new 1958 high every day in the week. The London *Financial Times*'s index stood at 2054, only 7-9 points below the alltime high of July 1955. Transactions in a single day totaled 16,599,000 shares, highest in 17 months. The trigger was Britain's resoundingly successful effort since 1957 to protect the pound by raising interest rates, which has increased gold and dollar reserves by about \$1 billion. Though British industrial production is falling and unemployment is rising, the big institutions have confidently moved back into the market.

☐ In West Germany's eight independent stock exchanges, led by Düsseldorf, the bullishness neared 1955 levels. A year ago the index of share prices on the exchanges was 192. It hit 227 in June, has since soared to 277, rose five points in the first week of October. Chief reason: a shortage of stock because many companies have been using profits to expand rather than raise capital by new stock issues. The rise has brought in more foreign buyers, stirred Germany's first crop of small investors through new mutual funds whose business is booming.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Bad-Check Trap. To foil bad-check passers, a fingerprint camera was put on the market by Identity Recorder Co. of Monrovia, Calif. for use in supermarkets and other big-volume stores. The customer rests his check and ten fingertips on the booklike (18½ by 13½ in.) gadget and the cashier presses a button, getting a picture of both check and fingertips. If the check bounces, the prints are turned over to police. Identity Recorders are leased at \$30 a month for the first machine, \$6 for each additional machine. Cost per picture (after 1,500 free exposures): .3¢.

Cigarette Stogie. Philadelphia's Stephano Brothers put on sale a cigar the size of a king-size cigarette. Price of pack of 20: 35¢. Carton of ten packs costs \$3.25, includes a plastic cigar holder.

Surrey Jitney. A new four-passenger convertible with three wheels was added to its U.S. line by Italy's Lambretta, the motor-scooter maker. Designed as a golf cart, estate jitney or city family's run-about, the "Surrey" carries two in a front cab, two in a wicker rear seat with fold-back canvas roof. It has a 6-h.p. single-cylinder engine, goes 45 m.p.h., gets 75 miles per gallon. Price: \$1,200.

Flying Jeep. First successful test of a military jeep-helicopter was made by Philadelphia's Piasecki Aircraft Corp., one of several companies competing for an Army order. The Piasecki craft can safely fly and hover under bridges or between buildings because its two rotors, horizontally placed front and back inside the fuselage, are completely shielded. The enclosed rotors create air columns, which are the force that actually moves the helicopter. Piasecki plans to produce a 150-m.p.h. civilian model seating four passengers.

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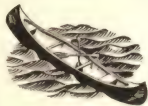
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New Musical in Manhattan

Goldilocks (book by Walter and Jean Kerr; music by Leroy Anderson; lyrics by the Kerrs and Joan Ford) takes place in 1913, in pioneer cinema days when redskins were swarming all over Fort Lee. The show itself concerns a short-on-cash, long-on-ego moviemaker and a sizzling-tongued actress he corrals for shotgun movie heroics on the eve of her society marriage. Communicating by insult, the two keep throwing knives at each other without for a long time realizing that they are actually Cupid's darts.

Goldilocks has a professional air, from the period brightness of the Peter Larkin sets and Castillo costumes to the sound showmanship—hers all energy, his all ease—of Elaine Stritch and Don Ameche. Dancer Pat Stanley is piquant, and the best of Agnes de Mille's dances and ballets are stylish. *No One'll Ever Love You* is a sassy duet. *The Beast in You* an amusing ditty. Walter Kerr's staging is lively and firm, and here a quip and there a crack bears Jean (*Please Don't Eat the Daisies*) Kerr's dewy, screwy touch.

The show's large-scale professionalism is a mixed blessing: it tends to put the packaging above the product, and to substitute mere method for point of view. Jean Kerr's daisies bloom more bountifully in suburban soil than in Broadway asphalt. And early bang-bang Westerns and supercolossal Near-Easterns have not only had their tales pulled all too often, but also time and television have made the nickelodeon a cherished relic like the model T, fitter for nostalgia than satire. Out of early films **Goldilocks** fetches up some indulgent laughs, but never any period lure. And **Goldilocks** rather fits the formula it at one point joshes: it is "first of all a love story, a tale of two lovers in love with each other." The Stritch-Ameche romance has none of the soggy of musical-comedy librettos, but it has their dogged, round-the-mulberry-bush complications. Despite nice up-to-date frills and out-of-date furbelows, **Goldilocks** has neither a 1958 freshness nor a 1913 charm; it has chiefly Broadway know-how.

New Play in Manhattan

Drink to Me Only (by Abram S. Ginn and Ira Wallach) is one of those titles that proclaim something farcical while not guaranteeing anything funny. The play is indeed an anything-goes sort of script, and all too much of it goes awry. Perhaps the producers decided not to fret over the script, thinking that the nub of **Drink** lay in the staging, in what that master of accelerating insanity, George Abbott, could pipe into a yarn of careening drunkenness. Director Abbott and his downer of Scotch, Tom Poston, constitute the brighter side of the occasion. But **Drink to Me Only** is not an occasion, is not often very bright.

The play concerns a rich playboy on trial for shooting his wife in the backside;



Sub. Courtesy

PAT STANLEY IN "GOLDILOCKS"
Packaging above product.

his defense is that before the revolver went off, as he was cleaning it, he had drunk two bottles of whisky. After a prosecution doctor testifies that no one could drink that much without passing out, the defense enlists Actor Poston to prove the contrary. And, particularly at the second-bottle stage, Actor Poston shows an amusing gift for exuberant pantomime, as does Director Abbott for moderate pandemonium. But no play can keep from falling on its face just by having the hero continue to do so, and even at its best, even as a jolly intemperance lecture, **Drink** tends to pall.



Friedman-Abolts

TOM POSTON IN "DRINK"
Staging over script.

TIME, OCTOBER 20, 1958



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New Orleans may well be proud of this, the longest cantilever bridge in the nation. It extends 1575 feet over water between its main piers. With anchor arms, the main bridge totals 3019 feet in length. With elevated approaches it totals 2.3 miles over-all, and required 39,000 tons of steel fabricated and erected by Bethlehem.

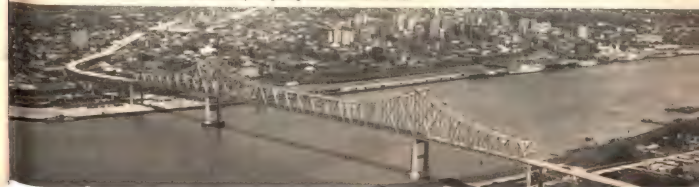
The project is an undertaking of the Mississippi River Bridge Authority. Designers and consultants for construction were Modjeski & Masters, of Harrisburg, Pa.

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MILESTONES

Born. To George Robert ("Birdie") Tebbetts, 45, cocky manager of the Cincinnati Redlegs from 1954 until his resignation in August, newly hired executive vice president of the Milwaukee Braves, and Mary Harnett Tebbetts, 35; their first son, fourth child; in Nashua, N.H. Name: George Jr. Weight: 8 lbs. 10 oz.

Married. Eric Ambler, 49, London-born movie scenarist (*The Cruel Sea*), topnotch writer of international-intrigue thrillers (*A Coffin for Dimitrios*, *Cause for Alarm*); and Joan Harrison, about 45, blonde, brainy TV producer (*Alfred Hitchcock Presents*); he for the second time, she for the first; in San Francisco.

Married. Granville James Leveson Gower, 39, fifth Earl Granville and a first cousin of Queen Elizabeth II; and Doon Aileen Plunket, 26, a granddaughter and heiress of the late Beer Tycoon (Guinness Stout) Ernest Guinness; in the Queen's Chapel, London.

Died. J. (for nothing) Harry McGregor, 62, chunky, affable contractor turned legislator, Republican Representative from Ohio's 17th District since 1940; of a heart attack; in Coshocton, Ohio.

Died. William Frank Buckley, 77, far-right-wing capitalist, onetime (1908-11) lawyer for Mexican oil firms, who struck it rich with his own fields, bitterly anti-progressive-education theorist, who last year (*TIME*, March 4, 1957) founded a school on his Sharon, Conn. estate, to produce an intellectual elite (mostly his own grandchildren) who would be safeguarded from "the blight of liberalism and Communism"; in Manhattan.

Died. Pope Pius XII, 82; in Castel Gandolfo, Italy (see RELIGION).

Died. Maurice de Vlaminck, 82, earthy celebrator in paint of storm-clouded landscapes, a leader (with Henri Matisse, Georges Rouault) of the flamboyant Fauves (wild beasts) who shocked Paris art circles near the century's turn; at his farmhouse near Paris. The son of musician parents, husky Maurice worked intermittently as a factory hand, bicycle racer and gypsy fiddler, turned intently to painting in his 20s after his first awed exposure to the explosive colors of Van Gogh and a chance meeting with Fauve-to-be André Derain. Vlaminck became famous overnight after shrewd Dealer Ambroise Vollard bought a collection of his clashing hue, bold-lined canvases in 1906. He dispiritedly followed other Fauves into cubism, but soon drifted away from Montmartre coteries. After World War I he retired to the country, became bitterly contemptuous of modern art ("Abstract paintings give me a toothache"), reserved his choicest scorn for his most famed contemporary: "Picasso is the gravedigger of French art."

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The joyous ventures

Photograph by Richard Mank from
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, July 21, 1958



"Something ventured, something gained."

Some people play it by "the book." The manager who never argues with percentages. The golfer who never tries to clear the water hazard, but plays it short; who always goes around, instead of once in a while shooting straight over the trees.

And by their caution they may often win.

But they will always miss the greatest joy of sport. For the hard shots are the fun shots. And there is joy in setting forth to climb the unconquered peak, or even in merely taking the chance that just beyond the steep rise up ahead there is a new and perfect spot for trout.

It is the joy of the new venture that makes some people long to drive a racing car; to search the ocean floor in diving gear; to hunt big game in tropic jungles.

The greatest joys are for the venturers. And what they gain is more than victory, it is the taste of life itself.

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BOOKS

Cry, Children, Cry

CHILD OF OUR TIME (281 pp.)—*Michel del Castillo—Knopf* (\$3.75).

The 20th century has supped so full of horrors that it has all but digested its conscience. The age prattles of guilt, yet rarely feels it. Man's inhumanity to man has become not so much a cause for tears as merely another Cause. To get beneath this thick-skinned indifference, a book need not be a masterpiece, but it must speak the language of the heart so guilelessly as to make sophistication a mockery and callousness a crime. Such a book, and a small masterpiece, is Michel del Castillo's *Child of Our Time*.

Like *The Diary of Anne Frank*, this story takes its unproclaimed text from the New Testament: "But whose shall offend one of these little ones . . . it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." The offense against Author del Castillo (who calls himself Tanguy in this autobiographical novel) began with the Spanish Civil War. At the age of three he saw corpses in the streets of Madrid, an omen of the dread commonplaces that would haunt his boyhood. Though his mother was a militant left-wing journalist, the Communists shortly clapped her into jail. His father, a social-climbing Frenchman who detested his wife's politics, had left for France before the war. But when the Loyalists lost, mother and son threw themselves on his untender mercies. When they arrived in France, he met them in a crowd of other refugees. Ignoring the boy, the father took one look at his wife and snapped, "You turn up with all this riffraff!"

Hate the World. Still, Tanguy was happy in the little house outside Vichy where they settled, and for a while he felt like "an ordinary boy again." But the parents quarreled, and his mother decided to move on. The police arrested the woman and child on vague political charges. "Who denounced us?" asked Tanguy. "Your father," was the reply. At that moment Tanguy hated the whole world, "his father and mother, the policemen . . . all grown-ups, because they seemed to hate him, and he was only seven years old."

Tanguy and his mother spent 18 months in a concentration camp in South France before she arranged to escape via a kind of underground railway. "Please, please don't leave me behind, Mama," begged Tanguy, and as he watched her go, he felt that "an iron hand was squeezing him inside" and that he would die of misery. ("He had not yet learned that no one ever dies of misery.") The plan was for Tanguy to follow his mother a few days later, on his ninth birthday, but the Nazis closed the escape hatch.

Mistakes Will Happen. Tanguy was herded into a sealed cattle car with a group of Jewish children bound for a Ger-

man concentration camp. For 3½ days, under a broiling August sun, the railroad car remained unopened while the children wept, sickened, and gradually lost control of their natural functions. Tanguy kept up his courage by believing that it was all a "mistake," and that once the authorities found out that he was not Jewish they would send him back to his mother. The word "mistake" recurs through Del Castillo's book and picks up the same rhetorical power and irony that the words "honourable men" do in Mark Antony's funeral oration, rising at last to an almost cosmic indictment of a universe in which



NOVELIST DEL CASTILLO
An epic in the language of the heart.

such monstrous "mistakes" can happen.

What happened to Tanguy at the Nazi camp adds little to the all too familiar living-death literature. What gives it a special horror in this book is that it all happens to a little boy. Tanguy would surely have died but for a German friend named Gunther who mothered him, fired his flagging will to live, and, before his own death, left the boy a matchless maxim: "Leave hate to those who are too weak to love."

Orphanage by Dickens. Peace brought no peace to Tanguy. He went back to Spain, but found no trace of his mother. He was sent to an orphan's and delinquents' home that might have been imagined by Dickens. It was run by sadistically inclined lay brothers. Tanguy took his beatings without a whimper; he "had exhausted his capacity for crying, just as he had drained away his reservoir of hope."

After jumping over the wall in the narrowest of escapes, Tanguy and his odyssey of torment moved from darkness into light. He was enrolled in a Jesuit school for the children of Andalusian peasants.

In the school's founder Tanguy found a substitute for the loving father he had never known: Father Pardo "was not a saint in the strict sense. But he was a real man, which is almost as rare."

What Now? At 19 Tanguy still cherished the image of a kind of prodigal son's return. But when he finally found his father in Paris, the boy was coldly rebuffed. Tanguy's mother, who also turned up in Paris, had equally little use for him. She was still a left-winger, lost in the intellectual Minotaur's cave of the '30s. At novel's end, with a wistful touch of Chaplinesque pathos, the 25-year-old Del Castillo, currently living in Paris, asks, "What is to become of Tanguy now?" and offers the shadow of a hope that he may "even come to find life the wonder and delight it should be; who knows?"

The artlessness with which Author del Castillo achieves a child's angle of vision makes his boy-hero Tanguy one of the most endearing and poignant figures in recent fiction. *Child of Our Time* is both a grim and a grand commentary on the human condition. The first response to this book is elemental—to weep. The second response is to marvel that Michel del Castillo endured what he did, and that, having endured, he could still forgive so much that is eternally unforgivable.

Nugget Crazy

THE KLONDIKE FEVER (457 pp.)—*Pierre Berton—Knopf* (\$5.75).

Writers about the gold rush, one of history's maddest mass movements, have been almost as numerous as prospectors in the Klondike. But perhaps no one has told the story with the same fullness and readable authority as Canadian Journalist Pierre Berton in *The Klondike Fever*. Author Berton's credentials are convincing. His father staked a claim on Quigley Gulch in 1898, and while it produced only gravel, he stayed on and lived in fabled Dawson City for 40 years. Author Berton himself lived there until he was twelve, admits that it still "haunts my dreams and my memories."

He has reassembled all the familiar and unfamiliar characters of the Bonanza and El Dorado days, missing no nugget of color and adventure. A squaw man named George Washington ("Siwash George") Carmack staked the first big claim on Aug. 17, 1896, a day still celebrated in Yukon territory. There it was, "lying thick between the flaky slabs of rock like cheese in a sandwich." Charley Anderson bought a claim when drunk for \$800, tried to get his money back when sober and could not. Out of it came \$1,000,000 and his lifelong nickname, the Lucky Swede. Soon the world outside could talk or dream of little except the Klondike. Preachers, policemen, doctors quit their callings and headed for the bitter North. The mayor of Seattle, in San Francisco for a convention, "did not bother to return home, but wired his resignation." From New York came 500 women, mostly widows, by steamer around the Horn. After a fearsome journey, they reached Seattle broke,

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their hopes of marrying sourdough millionaires shattered.

Of all who started out, only 100,000 reached Dawson. Only 4,000 became wealthy. But while the rush was on, life in the Far North was fabulous. Miners thought nothing of \$10,000 barroom spees. One man collected the sawdust from a saloon floor and panned \$278 from it in two hours. Dance-hall girls charged the miners \$1 for one minute of dancing, and two miners actually had valets in their log huts. Fine dog teams, says Author Berton, were the Cadillacs of the time. "Nigger Jim" had one that was worth \$2,500, and his sled had a built-in bar from which he treated his pals.

Author Berton's book is jammed with the tragic stories of tenderfeet who tried to reach the golden creeks by boat, over the dread mountain passes and even over a sure-death glacier route. Even those who found great wealth often lost it, to gamblers, business crooks, the girls, or over the bars. Carmack died respectfully, leaving his second wife, a former brothel-keeper, a fortune. But Lucky Swede Anderson, divorced by his dance-hall girl, died pushing a wheelbarrow in a sawmill for \$3.25 a day. Lucky always denied that he ever had a million: "The most I ever had was nine hundred thousand."

Mixed Fiction

THE LONG NIGHT, by Julian Mayfield (156 pp.; *Vanguard*; \$3.50), puts a ten-year-old Negro boy through a Harlem wringer during one long night and shows him at dawn emotionally dry behind the ears. The kid's name is Frederick Brown, but he prefers to be called by his gang name: Steely. He is a 2nd lieutenant in the Junior Comanche Raiders, reads Superman comics and numbers Jackie Robinson among his heroes.

When *The Long Night* begins for Steely, his father has walked out on his family. But on this day, Mamma has hit it lucky playing the numbers game. When she sends Steely to collect her \$27, she warns him: "And if you lose that money, boy, don't you come back at all." He doesn't lose it; bigger boys of his own gang take it away from him. The rest of *The Long Night* tells how Steely tries to beg, borrow or steal \$27. No one will let him work for it. The Harlem fancy man for whom he has done odd jobs offers a single dollar. In desperation Steely snatches a woman's purse only to wind up with \$2. When he steals a bicycle, planning to sell it, it is in turn stolen from him by a rival gang. When he decides to throw away the last of his father's carefully instilled ideals and roll a drunk, Steely's childish anguish reaches its pitch—and Author Mayfield reaches for the help of the long hand of coincidence. Up to that point, *The Long Night* is a simple, touching story that fuses the night world of Harlem and the frenzied world of a child's fear.

THE MOUNTAIN IS YOUNG, by Han Suyin (511 pp.; *Putnam*; \$4.95), is characterized by numerous passages such as this: "And then she felt hot all over, going

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—study its customers, one by one

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Many American families realize this, because they are continuing to add to their protection.

The growth of life insurance is born of other things, too. For one, our expanding population has meant more and bigger families, and this in turn calls for more protection.

Then, too, people are buying life insurance differently these days. There was a time when a

man bought a small policy on his own life, to be paid out in one lump sum to his wife. Nowadays he thinks more in terms of using life insurance to provide his family with a steady income. And often that opens his eyes to the need for more of this protection.

Meets other needs, too

And people are buying life insurance to meet other needs as well . . . to provide an education for their children, to cover the mortgage on their home, or to arrange for income on retirement. Life insurance is more adaptable to family needs than it was years ago.

When you add up the figures on the growth of our business, you find that 109 million Americans own \$480 billions of life insurance.

However, the figure to keep in mind in measuring the life insurance business is that all of this protection works out to about \$11,000 per insured family. And that's the average. *Many millions of insured families don't even have this much protection.*

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molten and weak, liquid fire rising under her skin, the pure excruciating gooseflesh, for he was there . . . He stood in front of her and she caught the warmth of his body and the faint smell of leather and sandalwood."

Thus East (Unni Menon, a mystical engineer) meets West (Anne Ford, the new English teacher at a Khatmandu girls' school) in Author Han (*A Many-Splendored Thing*) Suyin's new novel. And why was it that critics denounced Kipling?

VENUS IN SPARTA, by Louis Auchincloss (280 pp.; Houghton Mifflin: \$3.50), is about a kind of hidebound Dr. Jekyll whose double life eventually destroys him. At 45, Michael Farish is a member of all the right New York clubs, a trustee of his Grotonian prep school, and in line for the presidency of a Wall Street bank. He has always tried to measure up to the principles he learned at his mother's knee—live on the right side of the park, and never attend matinees. But a series of rude intrusions disrupt his neat, parklike existence. First, it turns out that his wife likes the wrong kind of matinee: one afternoon Michael peeks into her bedroom and sees her with one of his junior trust officers. He finds some consolation in a second marriage, but a sordid financial squeeze play threatens his castle in the conditioned air of Wall Street. Finally Michael decides that he has "waited all his life for a madness of the blood," and indulges it with his stepdaughter. In his desire "to become a man, as other men, to become an animal, as other animals, he had, quite simply, destroyed himself."

Michael Farish may be weak and a little foolish, a man fixed by his background and fleeced by his women. But Lawyer-Novelist Auchincloss (*The Great World* and *Timothy Colt*, Sybil) pleads his case effectively. He also secures his own expanding niche in American letters, where he suavely dissects the outwardly successful failures and where, in the Fitzgerald tradition, the rich boy never gets off Scott free.

ANECDOTES OF DESTINY, by Isak Dinesen (244 pp.; Random House: \$3.75), tells how, once upon a time, there was a theological student of Shiraz who thought highly of angels—so highly that he made himself wings and got all set for flight to the angelic spheres. But the Shiraz authorities, who disapproved of high-flown ideas, dressed up a beautiful dancer to look like an angel and planted her on the roof of the student's house, where he studied the skies. By next morning the happy student had reached two important conclusions: that angelic conduct is by no means so spiritual as most people imagine, and that the surest way to reach the heights of angelic bliss is to keep strictly down to earth.

Five such parables constitute this new book by Isak Dinesen (real name: Baroness Karen Blixen). All are pleasant, intriguing, and in the trollish Scandinavian vein of Danish Author Dinesen's *Winter's*



AUTHOR HAN
Pure gooseflesh.

Tales and Last Tales (TIME, Nov. 4). In *Babette's Feast*, a French cook wins a small fortune in a lottery and spends every penny of it showing her staid, stingy Norse employers what a real meal can be. In *Tempests*, the actress who is to play Ariel in *The Tempest* gets caught in a real storm at sea and becomes a heroine by behaving as Shakespeare has taught her to behave.

Like much of aging (73) Author Dinesen's fiction, some of these *Anecdotes* are too fey or too coy for popular consumption. But they have a place of their own in that special realm that authors never tire of exploring—the realm in which artistry, be it Shakespeare's or a cook's, seems more real than reality itself.



AUTHOR DINESEN
Trollish tenderness.

A. E. Andersen

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

From Hollywood

Damn Yankees. Gwen Verdon, as the nimblest dancer in this or other worlds, and Ray Walston, as a button-down Beelzebub, in a bouncy remake of the Broadway musical.

Me and the Colonel. Danny Kaye, in one of his funniest films, as a gentle, indestructible Polish refugee outwitting and outrunning the Wehrmacht.

The Defiant Ones. Stanley Kramer's black and white drama about a chain-gang escape, with Tony Curtis, Sidney Poitier.

The Reluctant Debutante. Rex Harrison and Wife Kay Kendall in a wonderful peek at Mayfair manners and amoral.

Indiscreet. Cary Grant dispensing yachts and yacht-ta-ta to Ingrid Bergman in a funny, free-wheeling romance.

From Abroad

Premier May (French). A skinny-shanked French boy (Yves Noel) and his Pupa (Yves Montand) make a low-keyed, humorous pair as each, in his own way, adds to his knowledge of the facts of life.

The Case of Dr. Laurent (French). Frankly polemic, frankly physiological, this story of a rural doctor hipped on natural childbirth can claim the virtues of warmth and humor even before the moving, utterly candid final scene; with Jean Gabin, Nicole Courcel.

La Parisienne (French). Brigitte Bardot, leaning voluptuously on the sure comic talents of Charles Boyer and Henri Vidal, finally makes a film that is as funny as it is fleshy.

TELEVISION

Wed., Oct. 15

The Ginger Rogers Show (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Grand news: Old Hooter Rogers kicks up her heels on TV, with the uplifting presence of Ray Bolger to help her over the jumps. The antique Ritz Brothers may need even more help as they try to parody Russia's superb Moiseyev Dance Company. Unfortunately missing from the party: Fred Astaire, who starts his own new show this week (see below).

The Patti Page Show (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Talented Singer Steve Lawrence, at present a U.S. Army private at Fort Dix, uses up part of his furlough time warbling with Smoothie Songstress Page.

Thurs., Oct. 16

Little Women (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Question: Which side will win in the contest between Richard (*Damn Yankees*) Adler's tunes and Louisa May Alcott's sentimentalities, in this musical adaptation of the 1868 novel. The cast is not so much well-rounded as well-scattered: the Met's Rise Stevens as Marmee, toothy Comedienne Jeannie Carson as Jo, grown-up Cinemoppet Margaret O'Brien as Beth (who will not die in this version).

The Ford Show (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Tennessee Ernie ankles back with more of his dexterously aw-shucked corn and with City Slicker Ernie Kovacs as his guest.

Playhouse 90 (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Comedian Jack Carson, who snapped to

* All times E.D.T.

TIME, OCTOBER 20, 1958

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dramatic attention as Gooper in the movie version of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, plays a reserve officer, retreaded for the Korean war, involved in a bitter tangle with a martinet colonel.

Fri., Oct. 17

An Evening with Fred Astaire (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). The dancing master, still loose as a goose at 59, launches on his first network TV flight; with him is Barrie Chase, his new partner. In color.

Sun., Oct. 19

NBC Kaleidoscope (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). In the premiere of an ambitious news show that promises to look at everything under the moon—and perhaps a few things on it—the network has brought its correspondents in from London, Vienna, Tokyo and Moscow for a powwow on the world situation.

Dinah Shore Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Ethel Merman, Danny Thomas and Marge and Gower Champion as guests in a program that might be titled, "All this and Dinah too."

Mon., Oct. 20

Westinghouse Desilu Playhouse (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). *The Case for Dr. Mudd* concerns the Maryland physician, who, early on the morning of April 15, 1865, treated the injured foot of John Wilkes Booth—not knowing who Booth was or what he had done. Lew Ayres plays the beleaguered G.P. who was convicted of abetting Booth's escape.

THEATER

On Broadway

A Touch of the Poet gives the late Eugene O'Neill a last chance to retell the tragedy of a man who lives by dreams—and lives on after they die. One black day in the life of Con Melody, Irish-born cavalry officer turned New England innkeeper, mirrors the bleak decline of a lifetime. But before the day ends, Kim Stanley makes Sara, the old tosspot's daughter, a character of fierce inner strength. Eric Portman brings painful reality to Con's boozy Byronic self-deception and Helen Hayes is a fine foil as his sentimental biddy of a wife. A massive and moving piece of theater.

The Music Man, now Broadway's hottest ticket, is a triumph of Meredith Willson's one-man showmanship (book, lyrics, music) and an exuberant romp for Robert Preston as the itinerant con man who invades an Iowa town and conjures up a corn-fed band.

My Fair Lady, with Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes, is still the fairest of them all.

The Visit brings the Lunts back to Broadway in an existentialist fable of a woman's vengeful hate and a whole community's greed.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs, by William (Bus Stop) Inge, is both poignant and funny as it reveals the secret fears of a small-town family in the 1920s; with Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle and Eileen Heckart.

On Tour

Auntie Mame, the cyclonic stage version of Novelist Patrick Dennis' bookful of lunacy, is playing **SAN FRANCISCO** with brassy Eve Arden, **NEW ORLEANS** with tiny but dynamic Sylvia Sydney, and

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CHICAGO with Constance Bennett, who is nearly as good as the original production's Rosalind Russell.

My Fair Lady is proving in CHICAGO that even a star-less company cannot harm this musical comedy masterpiece. **Look Back in Anger** brings DETROIT the snarls of Britain's Angry Young Man, Playwright John Osborne.

The Music Man, in DALLAS, maintains its racy air, although Cinemactor Forrest Tucker cannot match the brash enthusiasm of Robert Preston.

BOOKS

Best Reading

95 Poems, by e. e. cummings. The typographical playboy of U.S. poetry uncorks some champagne music that is lyrical, effervescent, and young in heart.

In Flanders Fields, by Leon Wolff. An absorbing and grim reappraisal of the 1917 campaign, one of history's bloodiest.

The Secret, by Alba de Céspedes. A middle-aged woman's sensitive and often painful assessment of her changing roles as mother, wife, secret dreamer.

Women and Thomas Harrow, by John P. Marquand. Marquand may have harrowed the ashes of middle-class success and marriage once too often, but a considerable literary glow remains.

A World of Strangers, by Nadine Gordimer. South Africa's finest novelist writes of her homeland's direst hour.

Dr. Zhivago, by Boris Pasternak. Russia's greatest living poet affirms in Russia's greatest novel since the Revolution that not even Communism can destroy his people's hopes and humanity.

The Once and Future King, by T. H. White. Good King Arthur's golden knight joins again in this loving and witty retelling of the old tale.

Lolita, by Vladimir Nabokov. This superb novel shuttles between the lyrical, the hilarious and the horrifying to tell of a middle-aged émigré's love for a "nymphet," with highly ironic variations on the theme of American innocence and European corruption.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Lolita*, Nabokov (1)
2. *Around the World with Auntie Mame*, Dennis (2)
3. *Doctor Zhivago*, Pasternak (3)
4. *Anatomy of a Murder*, Traver (4)
5. *Women and Thomas Harrow*, Marquand (7)
6. *The Best of Everything*, Jaffe (5)
7. *The Enemy Camp*, Weidman (6)
8. *The Law*, Vaillant
9. *The Bramble Bush*, Mergendahl (10)
10. *The King Must Die*, Renault (8)

NONFICTION

1. *Aku-Aku*, Heyerdahl (2)
 2. *Only in America*, Golden (1)
 3. *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, Boyington (3)
 4. *Inside Russia Today*, Gunther (4)
 5. *Kids Say the Darndest Things!*, Linkletter
 6. *The Affluent Society*, Galbraith (5)
 7. *On My Own*, Roosevelt
 8. *Eisenhower: Captive Hero*, Childs (6)
 9. *The Insolent Chariots*, Keats (10)
 10. *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, Kerr (8)
- (Numbers in parentheses indicate last week's position.)



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